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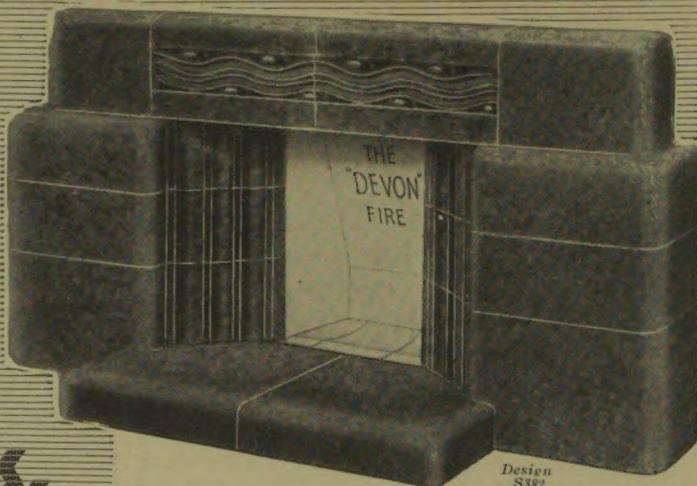
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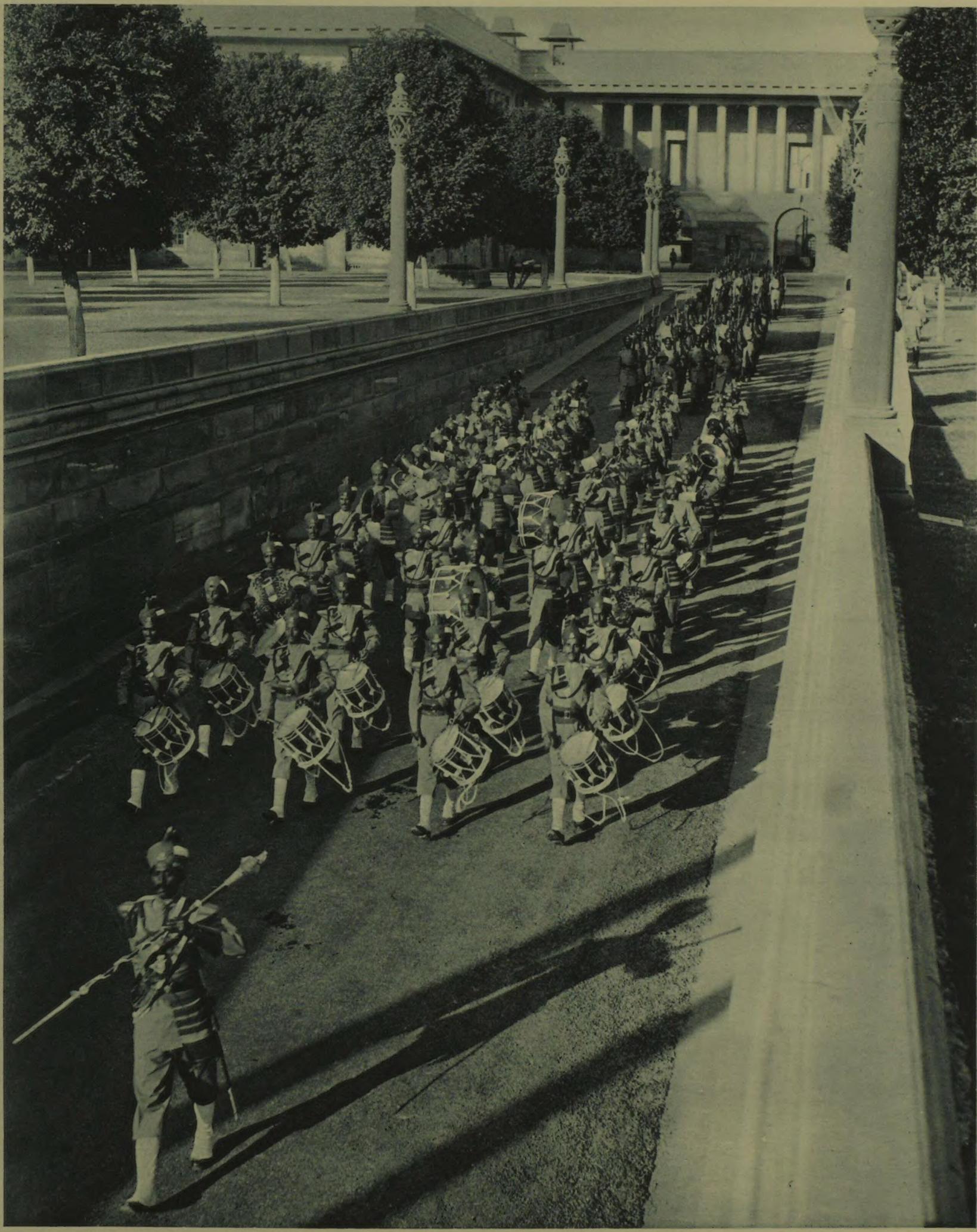
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1935.



CEREMONIAL IN THE MOST-DISCUSSED COUNTRY OF THE MOMENT: CHANGING THE GUARD
AT THE VICEROY'S HOUSE, NEW DELHI, CAPITAL OF INDIA AND THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Since the publication of the momentous India Bill, shortly to come before Parliament, any phase of Indian life arrests unusual attention. Our illustration, showing the changing of the guard at New Delhi, India's capital, provides matter for comparison to all familiar with the time-honoured ceremony

in London. The guard here seen marching out of the Viceregal grounds, on being relieved, was mounted by the 4/8th Punjabi Regiment. This photograph has special interest in view of military ceremonial at Delhi during the recent exchange of visits there by the Viceroy and the Premier of Nepal.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

WHATEVER else was evolved, evolution was not evolved. I mean evolution as a part of education; as an idea more or less accepted for the last forty years by most thinking people; and perhaps even more by most unthinking people. Those who supported it were always talking about growth and gradual change; but their own movement was not at all gradual. They popularised an evolution that was far too much of a revolution; that came with far too much of a rush; that became, as the phrase goes, all the rage; with some of its exponents rather unmistakably raging. It was opposed to ideas of supernatural or even special creation; but the theory itself was created in a very special sense; and it was boomed and advertised like a miracle. Many of the recent revolts and reactions and belated questionings have been due to that original journalistic hustle; and yet they are themselves likely to be treated in turn in too hustling and journalistic a fashion. Darwin's individual industry was indeed minute and patient; and he was personally the very reverse of an impetuous or impatient character. It is none the less true that Darwinism was much too hastily thrust down everybody's throat, including Darwin's. Old Huxley had all the passions of a pamphleteer and a partisan; also he was individually and intensely interested in certain ethical and philosophical attitudes of his own, which Darwinism supported more perhaps than he himself would otherwise have supported Darwinism. Huxley and Herbert Spencer really valued Darwinism as an argument for agnosticism. It would have been much better if they had cultivated a little more agnosticism about Darwinism.

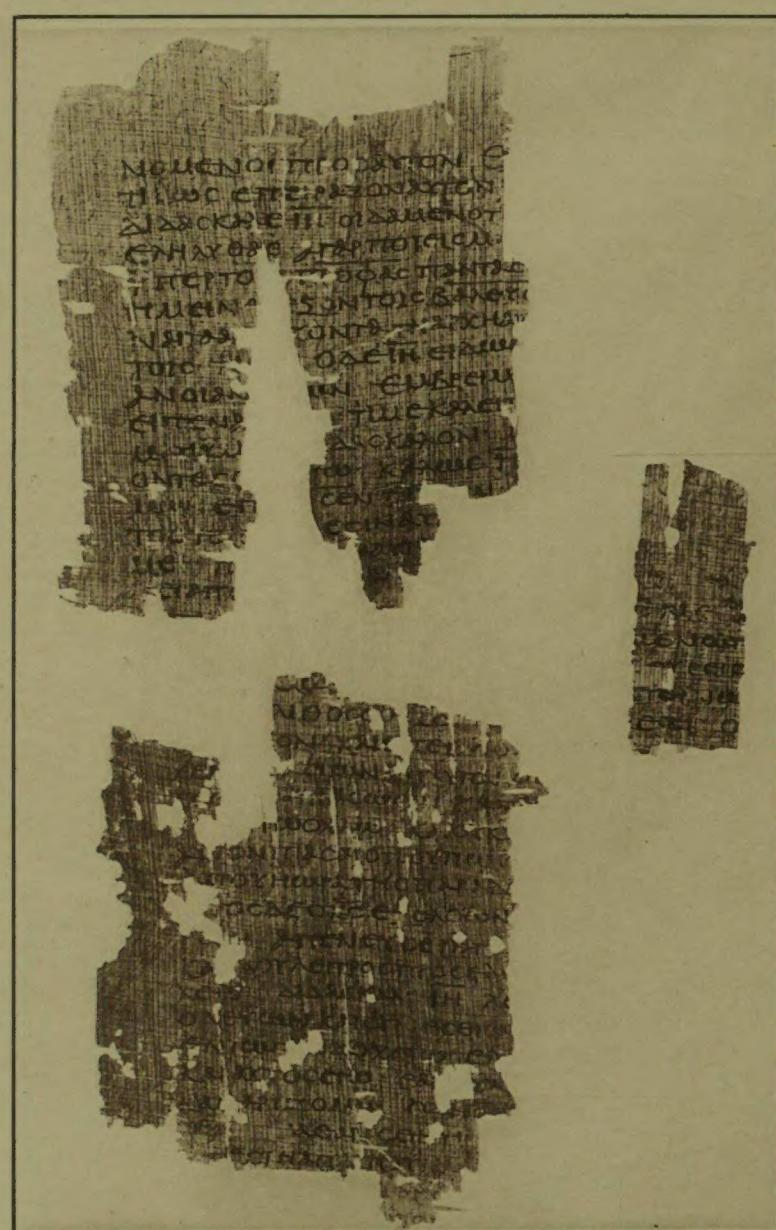
All the memoirs and memories of that time are full of that curious atmosphere of brand-new prejudice and premature pugnacity. Popular science loved to put the spotlight on special occasions; party combats and particular challenges of particular champions. Everybody talked about the repartee of Huxley to Wilberforce as something as theatrical as a thunderbolt. Everything was supposed to stand or fall by a particular debate between Huxley and Gladstone about the Gadarene Swine. Nobody seems to have remarked on the fact that a theory like Darwinism, advanced by a man like Darwin, was about the most unsuitable subject on earth to be settled by a retort in a debating club. Nobody noticed that Gladstone was about the worst person in the world either to teach a man like Huxley the truths of theology, or to detect in him the errors of science. Humanity knew that Gladstone was an eloquent orator, and Huxley said he was a copious shuffler; but he was neither a philosopher nor a historian, suited to deal with the theory or evidence of miracles. He was simply the Prime Minister, past, present, or to come; and his appearance on that platform only made it a fashionable occasion. That was what was the matter with the whole occasion. Darwin became much too fashionable; and Darwinism prevailed only as a fashion.

If the great biological speculations of the later nineteenth century had remained speculative, they would have been much more slow and very much more sure. We might by this time have really taken stock of what is actually known about the variation of species; and what can only be plausibly guessed; and what is quite random guesswork. Instead of that, a hypothesis was allowed to harden into a habit of thought; and any alternative hypothesis creates unnecessary excitement as a violent paradox. A distinguished scientific man, in another branch of science, has recently contradicted Darwinism with the same emphasis and eagerness with which the Darwinians affirmed it. This is news in the newspapers, but in this country we grossly exaggerate the

extent to which it is new in the scientific world. When Sir Arthur Keith and Mr. H. G. Wells tried to treat Anti-Darwinism as an unheard-of paradox, Mr. Belloc had not the least difficulty in naming fifty scientific men of the first rank, throughout Europe, who were avowed Anti-Darwinians. And Sir Arthur Keith could say nothing in reply, except that one out of the fifty, the distinguished Professor Dwight, had never at any time accepted the Darwinian hypothesis.

scientific theory. It is no longer a question of fairly comparing what Darwin said with what Dwight said; indeed, it is not a question at all. It is treated as an answer; and a final and infallible answer. Now nobody need know any more than the mere rudiments of the biological controversy, in order to know that, touching twenty incidental problems, it is in some ways a very unsatisfactory answer. This does not necessarily mean that it was not valuable as a suggestion; or that it may not help to suggest the real answer. Darwin did a mass of very fine work, accumulated a multitude of facts, and set them in a certain light by subjecting them to a general suggestion. Such work need not have been thrown away if the thing had been treated in a reasonable manner. The Victorian evolutionists were wrong, not because they opened the evolutionary question, but because they closed it.

For the Victorian evolutionists were very Victorian indeed. They really did deserve the sort of criticism which the realists of a younger generation have brought against Victorian virtue or hypocrisy, in the matter of closed doors. Yet the evil did not really come from hypocrisy; it did really come from virtue. But it was virtue of a certain Puritanical type; and especially of a political type. The men of whom Thomas Huxley was the greatest were, above all, controversialists; because they were, above all, moralists. They conducted their debates, even their abstract scientific debates, in the spirit of a sort of idealistic General Election. It was Darwin against Gladstone; just as it was Disraeli against Gladstone. They were always going to the country, appealing to the public, expecting an immediate decision of the whole commonwealth, even on the most specialist speculations, as if they were the most spiritual elements of right and wrong. Thus they identified Free Trade with Freedom; insisting on it with an ethical simplicity wholly inapplicable to an economic science. And so they identified Natural Selection with Nature; with a dogmatic finality wholly inapplicable to a biological science. The Darwinian Theory was the Dawn; and any other shade of fact or fancy was only part of the opposing darkness. We can see the difference in a flash if we merely compare those great and grim grey-whiskered men with the Greeks or the men of the Renaissance, when they speculated in a free and easy fashion about some theory of the stars, or the flight of birds, or the movements of the sea. The greater moral seriousness of the Victorians gave them all the advantage that industry and conscientious record can give; but there is a sense in which the scientific spirit was lost in the very triumphs of the scientific age. They were so fond of having convictions that they came prematurely to conclusions. Having grown doubtful about the things on which conviction is most valuable, they then expected the speculative imagination to answer as promptly and practically as the conscience. The consequence was that they answered much too soon; and then yielded to the temptation of all moralists, to veto any kind of answer to the answer. Anyone who reads the account of how the orthodox officials of Darwinism dealt with a real free-thinker like Samuel Butler will recognise by unmistakable signs that the Darwinian free-thinkers were no longer thinking freely; we might say they were no longer free to think. The consequence is that, by this time, when that rigid and respectable Victorian front-door is suddenly burst open, it has the effect of a resurrection or the rending of a tomb. But there is no need for such excitement; and it is quite possible that the reaction following such a resurrection may go too far. It will be worse still if the world is again converted without being convinced.



AN EVENT IN BIBLICAL DISCOVERY: PART OF A "FIFTH GOSPEL," NEARLY 100 YEARS OLDER THAN ANY NEW TESTAMENT MANUSCRIPTS HITHERTO FOUND—FRAGMENTS OF SECOND-CENTURY GREEK PAPYRI FROM EGYPT (NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM) PRONOUNCED "THE EARLIEST BIT OF CHRISTIAN WRITING AT PRESENT KNOWN."

A Biblical discovery of profound interest was announced recently by Mr. H. Idris Bell, Keeper of the Manuscripts at the British Museum. Writing in "The Times," he said: "Among a collection of Greek papyri from Egypt acquired by the Museum last summer were some fragments . . . which appeared to date from a period not later than the middle of the second century A.D. . . . It was startling to find an obviously Christian manuscript of so early a date . . . for even the Chester Beatty papyri . . . hitherto our oldest manuscripts of the New Testament, take us no farther back than the early third century. A cursory examination showed that, though the new fragments certainly came from a Gospel, they formed no part of any of the canonical four. . . . The fragments consist of two imperfect leaves (four pages) and a small scrap." The text will appear in a volume shortly to be published by the Museum—"Fragments of an Unknown Gospel and other Early Christian Papyri." After quoting passages from the new MS. and discussing its relation to the existing Gospels, particularly that of St. John, who may possibly have used it as a source, Mr. Bell concludes: "In any case, the fragments may fairly claim to be the earliest bit of Christian writing at present known to be extant; for . . . they bring us well into the sub-Apostolic age."

The argument was, apparently, that Dwight could not be right, because he had been right all the time. There is nothing new about the purely scientific attack on the Darwinian theory; it began very soon after the Darwinians advanced the theory. But the Darwinians advanced it with so sweeping and hasty an intolerance that it is no longer a question of one scientific theory being advanced against another

A FORCE VERY MUCH IN THE NEWS: TRAINING THE JAPANESE ARMY.



ON A SCALING LADDER HAULED TO THE TOP OF A DUMMY FORTRESS: JAPANESE SOLDIERS ASSAULTING A MIMIC STRONGHOLD DURING EXERCISES—A MANOEUVRE OF IMPORTANCE IN OPERATIONS IN EASTERN ASIA.

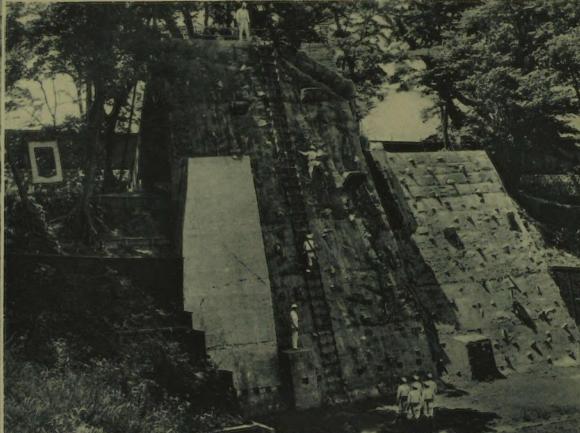
The news that fighting had again broken out between Chinese and Japanese forces on the boundaries of Jehol once more focussed world-attention on the Japanese army. On this page, and the two pages following, will be found a most interesting series of photographs illustrating the training of this force—which differs in many respects from that of the armies of other Powers, though it owes some-

thing to German ideas. The outstanding points in the making of a Japanese soldier are the importance attached to *moral* and to tactical training. The former is thought to necessitate his instruction in the "seven duties of the soldier"—loyalty, valour, patriotism, obedience, humility, morality, and honour—and insistence on frugality, simplicity, and spartan existence generally.

TRAINING THE FORCE THAT HAS AGAIN EXERCISING THE JAPANESE SOLDIER IN ESCALADES.



TRAINING THE JAPANESE ARMY: MEN ABOUT TO SCALE THE WALL OF A DUMMY FORTRESS BY MEANS OF THEIR SPECIAL ROPE-LADDER—THE BEGINNING OF THE OPERATION ILLUSTRATED ON THE PRECEDING PAGE; SEEN FROM ABOVE.



THE DUMMY FORTRESS ON WHICH JAPANESE SOLDIERS ARE PRACTISED IN ASSAULT AND ESCALADE—ESSENTIAL FEATURES OF WAR IN THE FAR EAST: A SCENE IN A MILITARY SCHOOL; WITH A ROPE-LADDER IN POSITION.

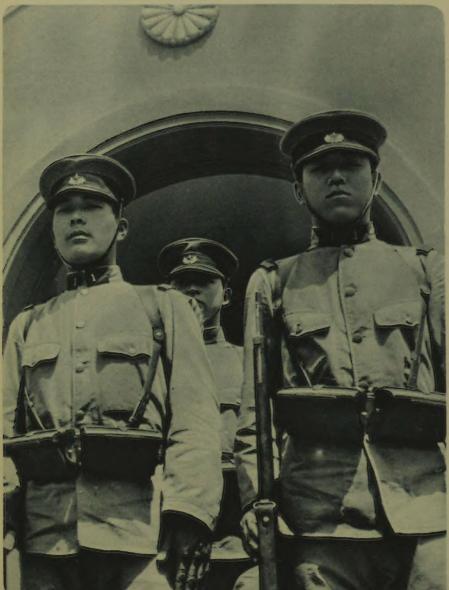
BEEN ENGAGED IN NORTH CHINA: BAYONET-FIGHTING, AND THE LIGHT AUTOMATIC.



LEARNING SELF-DEFENCE BY METHODS AKIN TO THE TRADITIONAL JAPANESE STYLE OF FENCING: PRACTISING HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING IN A SHRUBBERY PLANTED FOR EXERCISING PURPOSES AT A TOKYO MILITARY SCHOOL.



A CURIOUS FEATURE OF THE LIFE OF THE JAPANESE SOLDIER: WASHABLE RUBBER SLIPPERS, WHICH ARE WORN IN BARRACKS (IN ACCORDANCE WITH TRADITIONAL JAPANESE IDEAS), BEING PAINTED WITH THEIR OWNERS' NAMES.



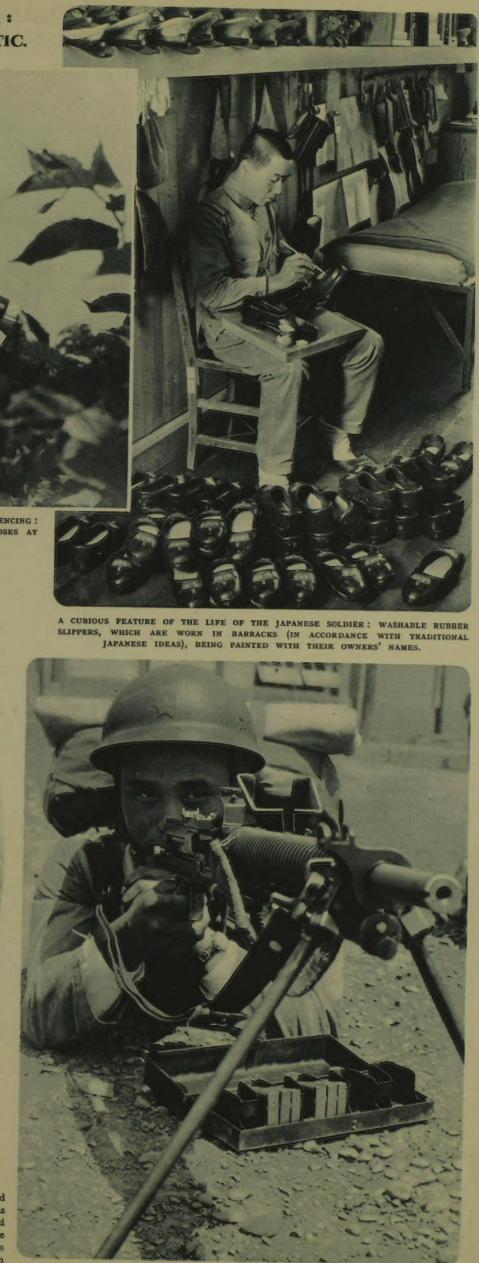
ROLL CALL IN THE BARRACKS OF THE FIRST IMPERIAL GUARDS: A TYPICAL SCENE; WITH RIFLES OF THE MAUSER PATTERN ('25), AS ADOPTED BY THE JAPANESE ARMY.

FIGHTING broke out again recently on the borders of Jehol, in North China. Japanese and Manchukuo troops were engaged in Chahar. Japanese reports described the operations as the sequel to a breach of the boundary agreements by Chinese troops who invaded Manchukuo territory. Chinese accounts, however, asserted that there were no Chinese troops in that district, and that the battles were fought almost all among civilians. The Japanese and Manchukuo forces apparently employed armoured cars, artillery, and aeroplanes. Later there were reports of a military clash on the borders of Jehol and Outer Mongolia. These events have once more drawn attention on the Japanese army, the training and equipment of which is illustrated on these pages. Japan's expenditure on her army and navy has been growing steadily of recent years, to judge by statistics given in



TRAINING IN HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING: JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN THEIR HEAVILY PADDED "FENCING-SUITS," REMINISCENT OF THE TRADITIONAL JAPANESE BODY ARMOUR.

the magazine "Asia." In 1932-33 her expenditure under these heads was 1,100 hundred million yen (in round figures), though 44 hundred million had been sufficient in the previous financial year. In 1933-34 it rose to 81 hundred million yen, and in 1934-35 again increased to 94 hundred million. These figures serve to show that at least the military might of this nation is not being neglected. As regards land forces, this military might is embodied in a conscription in which all males are liable to serve. In her war with Russia, Japan sprung a surprise on her opponents by putting a reserve brigade in the field simultaneously with each division; the same sort of surprise that Germany sprang on the Allies in 1914. There are reasons to believe that, in the event of another first-class war, Japan is capable of putting a reserve division in the field for every division of her standing army.



DRILL WITH THE JAPANESE LIGHT AUTOMATIC: AN INFANTRYMAN IN FIELD SERVICE DRESS WORKING THE NAMBU GUN, WHICH HAS A BIPODAL MOUNTING, IS OPERATED BY GAS FROM THE EXPLOSION, AND IS FED BY MEANS OF A HOPPER TAKING SIX CLIPS OF FIVE CARTRIDGES—SOME CLIPS BEING SEEN BELOW.

AN UNFINISHED SYMPHONY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"THE ENDLESS ADVENTURE": By F. S. OLIVER.*

(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN.)

MR. F. S. OLIVER died last year, leaving unfinished—to the regret of all readers of English history—the work of which the present volume forms the third part. The central figure is Robert Walpole, and the period described is the first half of the eighteenth century. These naked "particulars," however, convey no true impression of the author's theme. Walpole and his times are merely a peg on which Mr. Oliver hangs his political philosophy and the results of his shrewd, uncompromising observation. The reader has the impression that almost any other peg would have done as well—which is not said in derogation, but rather in compliment, for the immediate occasion of this writer's reflections are of far less importance than the reflections themselves. We need not complain, therefore, that Walpole, though skilfully anatomised, is not the most significant figure in this book; nor need we repine because the work itself is of unusual and sometimes elusive plan. What Mr. Oliver has to say, even by way of "aside," in his contemplation of the "endless adventure" of human government is of immense and challenging interest. He says it in a manner which compels attention. His style is not adorned by artifice, but it is a style—crisp and direct and individual, and a lively pleasure to read in days when prose becomes more and more a mass-product.

Many a reader, smarting under the kinds of chroniclers whom Mr. Oliver classes (with Scott) as Smellfungus, Dryasdust, and Monk barns, will be immediately attracted to this writer by his vigorously expressed conception of history. He utterly rejects the obstinate fallacy of purely "objective" history or "historical truth." A few quotations will best indicate his approach to a subject which fascinates him both as philosopher and as artist. "A record of events is not a history: a history is the impression that a record of events has made upon the mind of a man of genius. . . . The historian is bound in honour to tell the truth as it appears to him from his particular standpoint. . . . History must be tense and closely knit, like a drama; it must have a beginning, a middle and an end, like a drama; it must keep strictly within fixed boundaries, like a drama; it is more like a drama than it is like any other kind of artistic creation. . . . The doctrine, derived from the exact sciences, which lays it down that there can be but ONE truth with regard to any matter, is as inapplicable to history as it is to aesthetics, morals, or religion. . . . The great historian learns, like other people, by study, by observation, and by the use of his reason; but what his spirit tells him has an even higher validity: he is no historian if he cannot *divine*." These precepts will be highly unpalatable to a certain school of historians, but they are the only precepts which have ever given life and meaning to history.

In this spirit, Mr. Oliver surveys the persons and circumstances of Walpole's troubous leadership, relates them to the persons and circumstances of later periods, and draws certain conclusions about the hesitating, empirical, and largely unsuccessful conduct of public affairs which is all that human intelligence has yet achieved in the art of government. Mr. Oliver has the courage—rare nowadays—to proclaim his belief that politics is the noblest occupation in which an intelligent person can engage. Its responsibilities are enormous, and, remembering them, Mr. Oliver makes large allowances for error and default, thanking his gods, like Montaigne, that he is not exposed to such dangers himself. It is refreshing to find somebody who repels the constant cheap gibes at politicians: this abuse, he truly observes, is for the most part "cant and parroting." The Common Politician is no exalted creature, but, as against the idealists, and theorists, and academic *frondeurs*, and lawyer revolutionaries, he is "a kind of mongoose, which, if you give him a free run, may clear your house completely of the vermin, and in any case will keep their numbers down."

But for the politician, and even for the super-politician who goes by the name of statesman, this assiduous student of affairs makes no rhetorical claims. He agrees with an observation attributed (probably incorrectly) by Prince von Bülow to Disraeli: "Real statesmen are inspired by nothing else than their instinct for power and love of country." The former attribute is surely common to all

its astringent quality is a welcome contrast to the sentimental generalities which are now current in high places. Some of the opinions here expressed will shock certain sensitive minds. "Many have told us, and are still engaged in telling us, that force is no remedy, and that wise and gentle words will do all that is required; but in the light of recent and present events, how can any sane man believe that force is not now, as it ever has been, the fundamental, final and supreme law of human affairs?" "Strength, force, and a sagacity that aims at turning every event, be it good or bad, to the national advantage" (this is said *à propos* of Palmerston)—"these things, and not either innocence or the love of peace, are what give a nation leadership in the councils of the world."

Heresy! Blasphemy! A stab at the very heart of Geneva! But Mr. Oliver extracts these stark conclusions from an extremely acute analysis of certain types of politicians and of the careers of individual statesmen. He dismisses to limbo the *Speculators*—the "Professors and Rhetoricians"—who meddle in practical affairs and experiment with their theories upon live human beings. He deprecates especially the long line of what he calls the "Bolingbrokeans." In the following description, can we not recognise certain Parliamentarians of our own day and of all time, men "with brilliant futures behind them"? "The Bolingbrokean is . . . a very brilliant fellow who makes a great stir in the world. Like Prince Rupert, he shows to greatest advantage in attack; but should he chance to win his way to a position of power, his glory will soon begin to fade. The reason for this is that his gifts—great as they are—seldom stand him in good stead when he takes command and tries to get things done. He is thirled to the belief that facts will yield to the efficacy of words; he does not easily distinguish phantasms from realities; and he treads by preference on air—on hot air—rather than on the solid earth. He can lead men *part* of the way with great éclat; but he can never lead them the *whole* way, because *he knows not how to govern*. . . . Always—always—he has forgotten something; and what he has forgotten is almost invariably some common, obvious, unimportant-looking thing that an ordinary person, with his wits about him, would never have forgotten." Mr. Oliver's types of "Bolingbrokeans" are Charles James Fox, Canning, Gladstone, George Smythe, and George Wyndham. We could all, without great effort of memory, add to the list.

Against the Professors and the Bolingbrokeans stand the Realists, and of these Mr. Oliver selects two examples for his admiration—Palmerston and Disraeli. Only Salisbury, he considers, can rank with Palmerston as a Foreign Minister of modern, or perhaps of any, times. Mr. Oliver's feelings towards Disraeli might be summarised in Bismarck's famous *Der alte Jude, das ist der Mensch!* He even has a considerable admiration for Bismarck, unpopular though that opinion is nowadays. The common criticism of the "cynical" realist like Bismarck is that, though he scores an immediate success, ultimately he fails for lack of vision. But did Bismarck fail? Mr. Oliver holds that he succeeded in the not unworthy object of securing peace, both for Germany and for Europe for forty years—a long term for European peace!

The admirer of Disraeli is almost automatically the critic of Gladstone—indeed, those two Eminent Victorians are standing symbols of two perennially opposed temperaments in politics. Mr. Oliver is severe on Gladstone, who "seemed to combine the *gravitas* in demeanour of a Venetian Senator with the levity in judgment of a revivalist missioner." This may be harsh, but it is difficult to controvert Mr. Oliver's cold and damning estimate of Gladstone's actual achievement in English politics.

The book is enlivened with masterly sketches of individuals of the eighteenth century. Nothing better or more just, for example, has been written about the strange and contradictory character of Lord Chesterfield. And on every page Mr. Oliver delights with some sharply-pointed saying which has the authority of observant experience behind it, and which seldom fails to recall us from preconception and conventional judgment to the hard, irreducible core of things.

C. K. A.



THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TRAGEDY AT KHARTOUM: AN INTERESTING PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GORDON GIVEN BY HIM TO A FRIEND IN 1872.

January 26 was the fiftieth anniversary of General Gordon's death at the fall of Khartoum in 1885, and a commemorative service was held in Westminster Abbey on the previous Sunday, when a wreath was laid on the Gordon memorial by General Sir Bindon Blood, and a special sermon was preached by Dr. Percy Dearmer. The above photograph was given by Gordon to his friend Sir Charles Hartley, who served in the Royal Engineers (the corps to which Gordon himself belonged) in the Crimean War, and was Engineer-in-Chief to the European Commission of the Danube for over fifty years from 1856. To the original photograph is attached part of a letter (dated May 23, 1872) which reads: "Now I will conclude in saying a man's happiness or peace can never rest on what his brother fellow worms may think of him and I would say do not give up but trust a God who will act in the best for you and who feels far more for you and your ultimate welfare than you can for yourself. Believe me, my dear Hartley, yours sincerely, C. G. Gordon."

statesmen: both good and bad must, of necessity, pursue and achieve power in order to carry out their purposes. With regard to the latter characteristic, we think it a weakness in Mr. Oliver's philosophy that he does not stop to inquire whether love of country is a self-justified impulse, and whether patriotism, as it has been so long understood by the world, is unchallengeable as a motive of conduct. It is hardly necessary to say that there is a considerable modern school of thought which holds the reverse. It is only fair to remember, however, that Mr. Oliver's "Political Testament" is unfinished: had he lived to complete his scheme, he would probably have given due consideration to this aspect of his problem.

The keynote of Mr. Oliver's political philosophy is an austere realism, and whether or not we regard it as completely satisfying,



HONOURING GORDON AS THE FRIEND OF POOR CHILDREN: A WREATH LAID ON THE PLINTH OF HIS STATUE IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON BEHALF OF THE SHAFTESBURY SOCIETY.

On January 26, the fiftieth anniversary of Gordon's death, a wreath was laid on his statue in Trafalgar Square by Mr. Henry E. Montague (here seen speaking), chairman of the Shaftesbury Society. The Gravesend Ragged School, for which Gordon worked, was also represented. On the same date memorial services took place in Khartoum and St. Mary's Cathedral, Cairo.

A GAINSBOROUGH BROUGHT TO LIGHT—ON LOAN TO THE TATE GALLERY.

REPRODUCED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH "APOLLO."



"THE BYAM FAMILY," BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1788): A FINE EXAMPLE OF HIS EARLIER PERIOD AT BATH, WHERE HE FIRST CAME INTO VOGUE AS A PORTRAIT-PAINTER, BEFORE CAPTURING LONDON.

This very interesting example of Gainsborough's earlier manner in portraiture has only recently been "discovered," in the sense of being recognised after a process of cleaning. The picture is the property of Mr. H. C. Hony, a descendant of the Byams, and it was arranged that it should be placed in the Tate Gallery on January 31 to be exhibited there for some time on loan. Mr. R. R. Tatlock, the well-known art critic, writing in "Apollo," says: "Every student of English painting will realise at a glance that the large triple portrait . . . is an authentic and characteristic work by Gainsborough at his very best. Therefore, the usual tedious argumentation as to authenticity is for once superfluous. It first attracted my attention some months ago in Fitzroy Street, at the studio of Mr. William Drown, who was then engaged in cleaning it. . . . The portraits are those of the Byam Family, of Apse Court, Surrey. The male figure is that of George Byam; the lady is Louisa, his wife, daughter of Peter Bathurst, of Clarendon Park, Salisbury; and the little girl is Selina, their daughter, great-grandmother of the owner of the picture. She afterwards married the Rev. William Hony, of Liskeard, Cornwall. . . . It will be fairly obvious, on purely stylistic grounds, that this composition belongs to

Gainsborough's early Bath period. . . . This impression is neatly corroborated by two disconnected facts. Little Selina was born in 1760, the very year in which Gainsborough 'kicked over the traces' at Ipswich and took up residence in the Circus at Bath. The child in the picture is about three or four years old. This enables us to date our picture 1763-4. The second fact is that the 'Byam Family,' according to family tradition, was painted at Eastwell, Potterne, some fifteen miles from Bath, and where Louisa died and was buried. It is extremely unlikely that Gainsborough would have gone to Potterne either from Ipswich or from London. Historically and biographically this painting is an important and fascinating document, for it represents Gainsborough just as he had emerged from the chrysalis stage at Sudbury and Ipswich and before he was transformed into the rare and gorgeous butterfly that fluttered, the observed of all observers, between Schomberg House and Buckingham Palace. . . . It is revealing to notice how Gainsborough was already beginning to fuse, with brush strokes like lightning flashes, background with figures, so as to achieve unity. . . . The 'Byam Family' is, aesthetically considered, of the first water. Considered as a document I would almost say it is unique."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE WATER-HEN AND ITS COUSINS IN THE ANTIPODES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

A DAY or two ago a water-hen, or "moor-hen" (more correctly, perhaps, "mere-hen"), was brought to me which had been found dead on the edge of a pond some half-mile away. After careful examination I found that it had been shot. But this examination called to mind a number of things concerning the moor-hen and its tribe which are well worth bearing in mind.

There are few ponds which are not tenanted by a pair at least of these birds. But so wary are they that, unless one is prepared to sit perfectly still and watch for some time, there will be no evidence of this tenancy. But the waiting will be well repaid, for its movements are very graceful. Much more than this, however, will reward the watcher if he will only begin to ask himself whether, and in how far, he can account for its peculiarities of colour and shape, and the agencies which have made of it a water-bird rather than a bird of flight. On the wing, indeed, it is seldom seen, and its performance in mid-air is poor in the extreme. See it on the water, however, and it at once becomes apparent that here it is "at home," for it moves with speed, though with a jerking movement of the head and neck and tail, and dives with ease. One would expect it to have webbed feet. But not a trace of a web is to be found. There is, however, a very narrow fold of skin running along the edge of each side of the middle toe, and a similar fold along the outer toe, which seems to have escaped the notice of most people. Out of such a fold has probably grown the broad, rounded lobes which fringe the toes of the coots and grebes.

Of the almost funereal coloration of this bird there would seem to be little enough to be said. For the back is of an olive-brown hue, while the rest of the body is of a very dark slate colour, relieved by a splash of white under the tail and along the flanks. The green legs and toes, and the sealing-wax red patch of bare skin on the forehead, add a pleasing note of colour. The beak has also caught some of this red: and finally, there is a "garter" of red and yellow just where the shank passes into the feathers of the body.

Now many years ago an American artist wrote a book to show that the zoologists knew nothing about "protective" and "warning coloration." This was a theme which only artists could interpret. And by carefully selecting his facts, and, as occasion required, judiciously shaping them, he made out a fine case. But that book contains some strange misconceptions. I need refer to one only of his methods of interpreting Nature. He made much of the fact that most birds and beasts have the upper parts darkly coloured and the under-parts white. This constituted, he said, a "concealing coloration," and, indeed, this is largely true. The white-breasted ducks and divers, he argued, were protected, when afloat, from their enemies because the white breast seen from below would match the glaring light of the upper world, and thus become practically invisible. But the water-hen and the coot have almost black breasts; while in the male eider-duck and the scoters the breast is intensely black. On land, white or nearly white under-parts

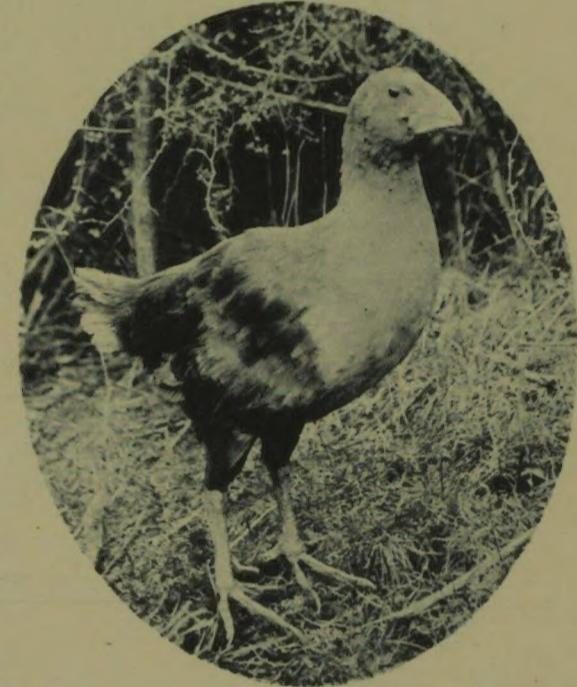
doubtless confer an advantage, since shadow is thereby reduced, and the bird in consequence blends more easily with its surroundings: on the water it seems evident no material benefit is derived from a white breast and abdomen.

The coloration of the nestling water-hen is peculiarly interesting. To begin with, it is clothed in a vestment of black down, in common with all the other members of the rail tribe, wherein they stand in strong contrast with all other nestling birds. Certainly the "environment" is not a factor of this coloration, for the young corn-crake is as black as a young water-hen or coot. But the downy nestlings of the water-hen and coot stand apart from the rest, on account of the vivid coloration of the head; and for this, at present, no satisfactory explanation has been found, for here colours are developed which are not seen in the adult. In the young water-hen the crown is bare, save for a few downy threads, and of a livid blue, passing backwards into pink, then to orange at the nape. The frontal plate, as in the adult, is of a sealing-wax red. In the downy coot the beak is black at the tip, and for the rest dead white, shading into vermillion on the frontal plate. Round the eye runs a girdle of bright red, while the sides of the face are of an orange hue. The crown is of a livid blue, as in the young water-hen, or it may become intensified into ultramarine; while the nape is orange-coloured. It will be noted that the frontal plate is vermillion, but in the adult it becomes dead white.

These gay colours on the head of the nestling, which vanish with the juvenile plumage, when the down is replaced by feathers, are difficult to account for. And they are worth bearing in mind. For during the coming breeding season some of my readers may have an opportunity of making an intensive study of these nestlings in their native haunts, and this may reveal some unexpected relation between their colours and the surroundings amid which these little creatures live.

All the characteristics which go to make up the bird we know as a "water-hen" must be regarded as ebullitions of the inherent qualities of which their tissues are made up. They are the same throughout its wide range over the earth's surface. Hence "environment" may be ruled out as a controlling force. It is change of *habit*, and not always accompanied by change of *habitat*, which brings about changes of structure. This view is borne out by the remarkable Australian "native hens," of which there are

three species. As the accompanying photograph shows, in general appearance and coloration they resemble our water-hen. But they are far less aquatic in habit, and as a consequence, it will be noted, have shorter toes. They are said to arrive



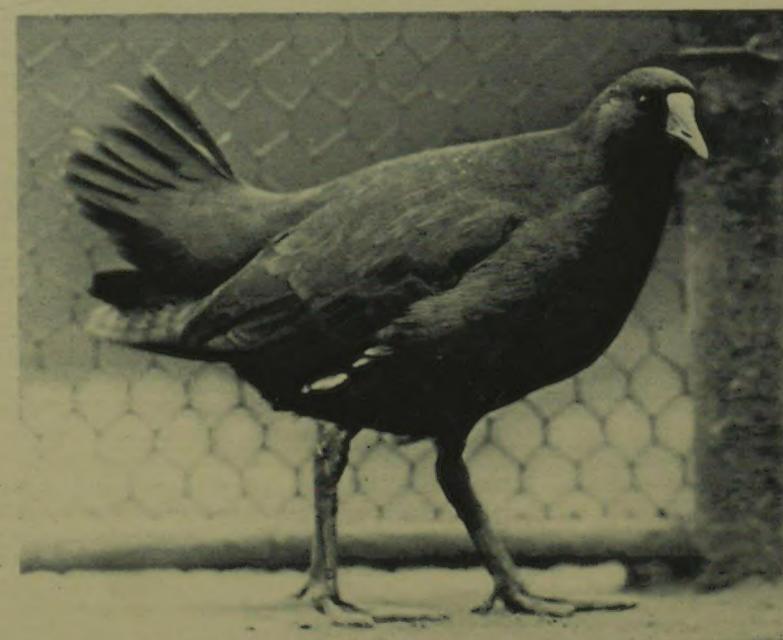
A DISTANT RELATIVE OF THE WATER-HEN WHICH HAS EVOLVED ALONG VERY DIFFERENT LINES: THE RARE, AND POSSIBLY EXTINCT, MOHO (NOTORNIS MANTELLI), OF NEW ZEALAND.

Our illustration shows one of the last recorded specimens of the Moho, killed in 1898. It may still be found, however, that birds of this species survive in remote parts of the South Island of New Zealand. It is one of the beautiful "purple-gallinules," but, isolated in a region where it had no enemies and where an abundance of food was to be found on the ground at all times of year, it had no incentive to flight: hence the wings degenerated until flight became impossible.

and depart in flocks, and very suddenly; strutting about like fowls and damaging crops.

Another branch of the water-hen tribe is formed by the "purple-gallinules." Though very nearly allied to the water-hens, a change in the rhythm of the pulse of life has found expression in a glorified plumage of shades of purple and green of varying intensity, while the powerful legs are of a brilliant scarlet. Changes in their choice of food have brought about the enlargement of the beak to form a great cone.

The famous notornis of New Zealand may be described as a gigantic purple-gallinule. It was first described from an imperfect fossil by Owen, but soon after a living specimen was found. Some authorities hold, however, that it is sufficiently distinct to be regarded as a separate species. It has now become extinct in the North Island, and only three have been taken in the South Island. The last was killed in 1898. There is a faint chance that survivors may find harbourage in remote parts of the country. The fact that they had lost the power of flight doubtless hastened their extermination. The rail tribe are notoriously birds of feeble flight, for they are all birds of skulking habits, spending the day in thick cover, from which they can be driven only with difficulty. Naturally, as a consequence the wings degenerate from lack of use, and with the wing decline also the breast-muscles and shoulder-girdle. Some of these flightless forms are birds of quite exceptional interest, but nothing can be said of them on this occasion.



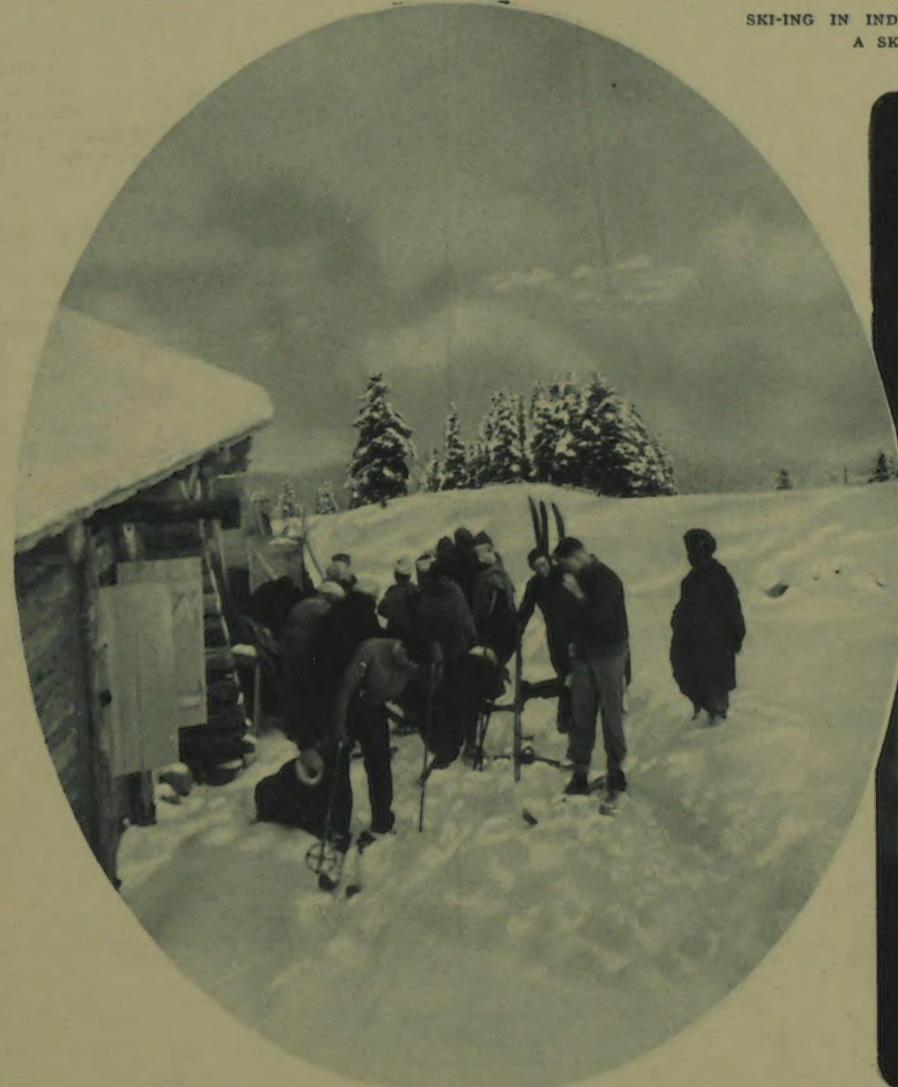
ONE OF THE THREE SPECIES OF AUSTRALIAN "NATIVE HENS" *MICROTROMBONYX VENTRALIS*: A CLOSE RELATIVE OF THE WATER-HENS, BUT MUCH LESS AQUATIC IN ITS HABITS AND, CONSEQUENTLY, HAVING MUCH SHORTER TOES.

Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

INDIA AS A WINTER-SPORTS GROUND: SKI-ING IN THE PIR PANJAL RANGE.



SKI-ING IN INDIA: CLIMBING FROM GULMARG, IN KASHMIR, TO KHILANMARG, WHENCE THERE IS A SKI-DESCENT OF 1500 FT. THROUGH WOODS; WITH COOLIES CARRYING SKIS.



THE REST HUT AT KHILANMARG (9500 FT.): AN ADMIRABLE PLACE IN WHICH TO LUNCH BEFORE SKI-ING DOWN TO GULMARG.

As we noted when we touched on the subject in our issue of January 5, winter sports may be enjoyed at Gulmarg, in Kashmir, in conditions which even Switzerland or Austria could hardly better. The correspondent who furnishes the photographs reproduced here notes: "The Ski Club of India holds two meetings during the winter at Gulmarg, in Kashmir. Gulmarg is a little meadow, beautifully situated, about 8000 feet above sea-level on the north-eastern slopes of the Pir Panjal range. In winter the little wooden village, with its one hotel, is



GULMARG IN WINTER: COOLIES WAITING FOR WORK; AND VERANDAHS BOARDED UP TO KEEP OUT THE HEAVY SNOWFALLS OCCURRING AFTER CHRISTMAS.

deserted except for the incursions of skiers. For beginners, the gentle slopes of the golf-course are ideal for learning turns. Those who have attained some measure of control of skis climb through the woods to Khilanmarg (coolies carrying their skis for them), lunch in the log hut there, and then do a thrilling descent over the marg, down through the trees into Gulmarg, 1500 ft. below. Ski-ing is always pleasurable, but when one has just escaped from the dust and heat of the Indian plains it is sheer joy."

ALL-INDIAN PRODUCTION OF SOUND-FILMS: TECHNIQUE; A VEDIC DRAMA.



THE BIGGEST AND THE ONLY SELF-CONTAINED FILM-STUDIO IN INDIA: THE NEW PRABHAT CINETONE ESTABLISHMENT AT PRABHATNAGAR, WITH RESIDENTIAL QUARTERS.



A MOBILE SOUND-RECORDING CABIN AND MOTOR-VAN, AT THE PRABHAT STUDIOS: AN EXAMPLE OF THE ORIENTAL ADOPTION OF WESTERN INVENTIONS.

advantage in the sculptural and architectural work. The examples illustrated, and the big set on the full page opposite, belong to a new picture on the grand scale entitled "Amritmanthan." It is a drama of the Vedic period, [Continued below on right.]



THE MUSICAL SIDE OF INDIAN FILM-MAKING: A NATIVE ORCHESTRA AT WORK IN THE PRABHAT STUDIOS; SHOWING THE VARIETY OF THE INSTRUMENTS EMPLOYED.



A PHASE OF FILM-PRODUCTION IN WHICH INDIAN ART AND CRAFTSMANSHIP EXCEL: THE MOULDING AND CASTING DEPARTMENT OF THE PRABHAT STUDIOS.

INDIA is on the way to becoming a serious competitor in the film-producing world, to judge by these interesting photographs taken in the new establishment of Prabhat Cinetone at Prabhatnagar, Poona, near Bombay, claimed to be the largest and the only self-contained film studio in India, with high reputation both among Indians and Europeans. As our illustrations show, the studio is well equipped with modern technical apparatus, while the skill of the Indian artist and craftsman shows to great

[Continued on left.]



THE TECHNICAL SIDE OF FILM-PRODUCTION AS PRACTISED IN INDIA: THE EDITING, CUTTING, AND REELING DEPARTMENT OF THE PRABHAT STUDIOS.



AN IMPOSING ARRAY OF LIGHTING EQUIPMENT USED IN THE STUDIOS OF PRABHAT CINETONE AT PRABHATNAGAR: A VERITABLE "BATTERY" OF LIGHTS.



WHERE THE INDIAN SCULPTOR'S SKILL IS WELL DISPLAYED: THE ART DEPARTMENT OF THE PRABHAT STUDIOS, WITH ARTISTS FINISHING PLASTER FIGURES.

bearing on human sacrifice and other cruelties then rampant in India. Meanwhile, we note that a jungle film is to be made in India by Mr. Robert Flaherty, on the lines of his "Man of Aran." Its hero is to be an Indian boy and it may be called "Elephant Boy."

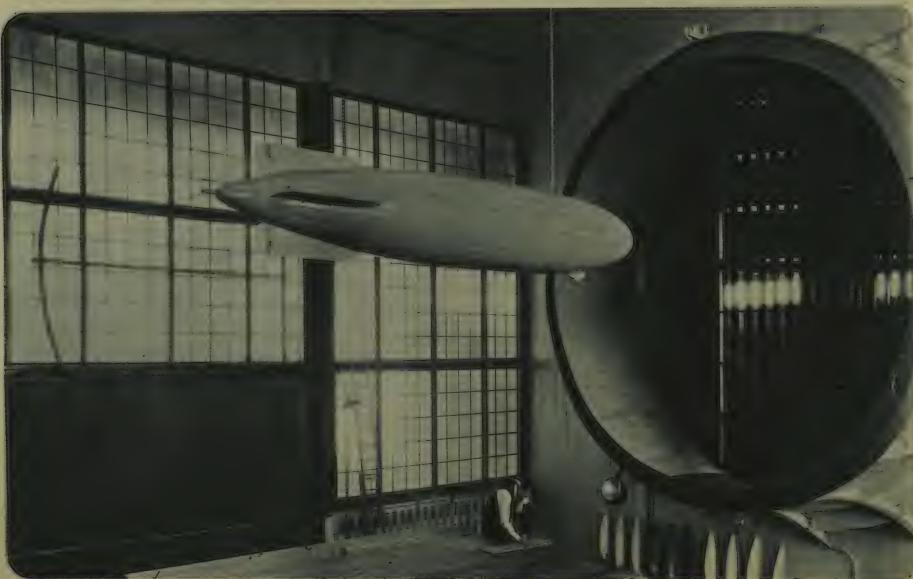


AN ALL-INDIAN ENSEMBLE IN A HOME-PRODUCED PICTURE ON THE GRAND SCALE: INDIAN TECHNICIANS FILMING A BIG SET OF AN INDIAN TEMPLE, WITH INDIAN PLAYERS, FOR THE NEW VEDIC PICTURE, "AMRITMANTHAN."

ARTIFICIAL 115-M.P.H. GALES TO TEST AIRCRAFT: AMERICAN



TESTING A NAVAL AEROPLANE IN THE GREAT WIND-TUNNEL AT LANGLEY FIELD, VIRGINIA, U.S.A.: THE MACHINE, SUPPORTED ON STRUTS, IN THE AIR-STREAM EMITTED FROM THE "EXIT" CONE (LEFT) BY TWO GIGANTIC PROPELLERS (SEEN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH) WITHIN THE FUNNEL, AND DRAWN IN BY A HUGE SUCKER-FAN INSIDE THE "ENTRANCE" CONE (RIGHT)—DIMENSIONS INDICATED BY THE SIZE OF THE MAN BEHIND THE AEROPLANE.



INTERESTING IN VIEW OF THE REPORT THAT THE UNITED STATES MAY BUILD A NEW AIRSHIP FOR A TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE: A MODEL OF THE ILL-FATED "AKRON" (WRECKED IN 1933), 1/40TH OF THE ORIGINAL IN SIZE, UNDERGOING TESTS IN ANOTHER WIND-TUNNEL (FOR PROPELLER RESEARCH) AT LANGLEY FIELD, VIRGINIA.—(NOTE THE MAN KNEELING ON THE PLATFORM BELOW THE AIRSHIP, AS A GAUGE OF DIMENSIONS.)

WIND-TUNNELS THAT HAVE GIVEN HINTS TO FRANCE.



SHOWING TWO HUGE PROPELLERS (35 ft. IN DIAMETER) CAPABLE OF BLOWING AIR AT 115 M.P.H. INSIDE THE "EXIT" CONE: A BACK VIEW OF THE AEROPLANE UNDER TEST (HERE SEEN THROUGH THE MOUTH OF THE "ENTRANCE" CONE) AND THE SIZE OF THE MAN IN THE FOREGROUND INDICATING ITS DIMENSIONS.

RECENT accounts of a wind-tunnel for testing aircraft, erected for the French Air Ministry at Chalais Meudon, near Paris, state that the French have drawn on American experience obtained with the great wind-tunnels here illustrated. A note on our photographs reads: "Nation-wide interest is taken in the experiments of the National Advisory Committee of Aeronautics at Langley Field, Virginia. The most interesting recent installation is a huge wind-tunnel over 400 feet long. It consists of two giant funnels of 45 feet diameter separated by a glass and steel structure on which is mounted the experimental aircraft. In one channel of the exit cone there are two giant four-bladed propellers which can create a wind of 115 m.p.h. This air-stream is sucked back to the first funnel, and through a channel is carried back to the first funnel, so that there is a constant flow of air." Wind-tunnels, of course, are also used in this country. In our issue of November 11, 1933, we illustrated one capable of driving air at 120 m.p.h., under construction for the R.A.F. at Farnborough. The testing of the "Akron" model recalls a recent report that the U.S. Federal Aviation Commission had suggested the building of a new giant airship for the Transatlantic service, and one or possibly two large military airships.



STUDYING THE EFFECT OF FROST ON AIRCRAFT: ICE FORMATION OBTAINED WITH SPRAY ON THE UNHEATED WING OF A FAIRCHILD CABIN AEROPLANE, DURING TESTS IN A WIND-TUNNEL AT LANGLEY FIELD.



A SPECIAL APPARATUS AT LANGLEY FIELD FOR INVESTIGATING THE BEHAVIOUR OF AEROPLANES IN A SPIN: AN N.Y.-I. MODEL (SHOWN UPSIDE DOWN, WITH LANDING-WHEELS IN THE AIR) MOUNTED IN A VERTICAL WIND-TUNNEL.

AUTHENTIC FIRE-WALKING: AN ORDEAL ALSO UNDERGONE BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN.



FIRE-WALKING IN AITUTAKI, COOK ISLANDS: THE HIGH PRIEST LEADS THE WAY, WAND IN HAND, OVER THE STONES, WHICH HAVE BEEN HEATED TO CRACKING-POINT IN A BONFIRE.



AN AITUTAKI FIRE-WALKING: A CEREMONY DURING WHICH OUR CORRESPONDENT—THE FIRST WHITE WOMAN TO GO THROUGH THE ORDEAL—WALKED OVER THE HOT STONES WITHOUT INJURY.



FIRE-WALKING IN MAURITIUS: THE HIGH PRIEST OF A LOCAL SECT FEARLESSLY LEADS THE WAY OVER A "BED" OF WHITE-HOT CHARCOAL.



(LEFT)
A MAURITIUS FIRE-WALKER CONCLUDING HIS ORDEAL, WHICH MAY BE EITHER FOR PENANCE OR THANKSGIVING: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE HAZE FROM THE WHITE-HOT CHARCOAL.



Continued.

A fire of white-hot charcoal is made in a "bed" measuring some 30 ft. long by 6 ft. wide. Meanwhile, worshippers who have received blessings from their gods prepare to give thanks, and others to do penance by fire-walking. Most of them have skewers, or long pins, driven through their cheeks from one side to the other; or through their tongues protruding from their lips. Others have hooks stuck into their naked body. Those with pins through their tongues may be frothing at the mouth; and their eyes glisten with fanatical excitement. But a curious feature of these lacerations is that no blood appears from them. The high priest fearlessly walks the hot charcoal with naked feet; nor do his feet show any trace of burn or blister afterwards. He is followed by members of his flock, some of whom go through the fire in a daze, others crying to their gods, others with every sign of joy. On reaching the other side they are struck with sacred yellow flowers dipped in the blood of a sacrificed goat.

ON this and on the opposite page we reproduce photographs of three genuine fire-walking ceremonies sent to us by correspondents in different parts of the world. On the opposite page will be found put forward an interesting scientific explanation of the phenomenon. After an official reception at Aitutaki, one of the Cook Islands in the Pacific, preparations were made for a fire-walking display. A huge bonfire had been burning for some time round a pile of stones. Over this pile of stones—heated to the point of cracking—the leader, or wizard, walked with his magic wand. He uttered magic words as he went, and was followed by three other men with bundles of leaves. The way was then safe for the general public; and to cross the stones was thought to bring good luck. "Somewhat to my horror," writes our correspondent, "I was asked to honour them by being the first white lady to cross the stones. Asking one of the officers to accompany me, we undertook the journey hand-in-hand. The heat from the glowing embers was tremendous, and I gave a sigh of relief on landing safely on the other side. I immediately looked at the soles of my shoes, but not a trace of the hot stones was to be seen!" In Mauritius, writes another correspondent, a small fanatical sect still have their fire-walking ceremony on January 2, in the little township of Rose Hill.

(Continued on left below.)

A WOMAN IN A MAURITIUS FIRE-WALKING, FOR WHICH DEVOTEES OFTEN LACERATE THEMSELVES CEREMONIALLY; WITH BYSTANDERS SHIELDING THEIR FACES FROM THE HEAT.

FIJIAN FIRE-WALKING: A RITE THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER ARRANGED TO SEE.



THE correspondent who sends us these extremely interesting photographs tells us that the people of Mbengga, a small island south of Viti-Levu, in the Fiji group, are the only Fijians who practise the cult of fire-walking. The Duke of Gloucester arranged to witness this rite during this week-end. Preparations are made by digging a circular pit some three feet deep, its floor being covered with large volcanic stones, and firewood being piled on them. Some sixteen hours before the actual ceremony this pile is set alight, and a fierce fire is maintained until the heat is so great that to approach within ten feet is impossible—except, apparently, for initiates. An advance guard of performers, gaily dressed in skirts of coloured leaves and garlanded with flowers, appears and proceeds to clear the pit of embers and evenly distribute the hot stones over the bottom, using long poles. The heat of the stones may be demonstrated by dropping a handkerchief on to them. It is consumed in a flash. Yet the actual fire-walkers, who now appear, step without hesitation into the pit, and walk right round it barefooted on the hot stones. There is no hesitation, no appearance of discomfort, and, seemingly, no selection of stones on which to tread. Then the whole party jumps into the pit with loud yells, and amid clouds of smoke. Afterwards, the earth is shovelled back and a dance is begun. Our correspondent, who is a man of science and has been Director of Agriculture in Fiji and Jamaica, offers an interesting explanation of the immunity from burning enjoyed by the Mbengga fire-walkers. The most likely explanation, he thinks, is the so-called "spheroidal effect," which makes it possible to dip one's hand into molten iron, if only the hand be wet. Briefly, the spheroidal

[Continued below on right.]

THE START OF A FIJIAN FIRE-WALKING CEREMONY: THE FIRST GROUP OF GAILY-DRESSED PERFORMERS ARRIVING AT THE PIT, IN WHICH HOT STONES LIE UNDER THE EMBERS; THE HEAT HAZE OBSCURING THE SCENE.



PERFORMERS, DRESSED IN LEAVES AND FLOWERS, PREPARING FOR THE FIRE-WALKING: CLEARING THE HOT STONES OF EMBERS AND DISTRIBUTING THEM EVENLY ON THE FLOOR OF THE PIT BY MEANS OF POLES.



THE FIRE-WALKING: THE SECOND GROUP OF INITIATES LEAPING INTO THE PIT AND WALKING ROUND ON THE FIERCELY-HEATED STONES, WHILE THE FIRST GROUP LOOK ON; WITH SPECTATORS KEPT AT A DISTANCE BY THE HEAT.



EVIDENCE OF THE IMMUNITY OF THE FIRE-WALKERS FROM BURNS ON THE HOT STONES: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CEREMONY, SHOWING THEIR UNBLISTERED FEET; WITH A WOMAN WALKER THIRD FROM LEFT.



THE CLIMAX OF THE FIRE-WALKING: ALL PERFORMERS LEAP, YELLING, INTO THE PIT ON TO THE HOT STONES, THROWING IN FRUIT AND LEAVES; AND THERE DISPORT THEMSELVES, AMID CLOUDS OF SMOKE.

Continued.]

condition of water or other liquid is when, on being placed on a highly heated surface, as red-hot metal, it evaporates without ebullition. The spheroid in this condition does not touch the surface of the metal, but floats on a layer of its own vapour, and evaporates from its exposed surface. It is heated mainly by radiation from the hot surface, since the layer of intervening vapour conducts heat very feebly; and water, for instance, remains at a temperature below boiling-point.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

PLAUSIBILITY IN THE PLOT.

WHEN I reflected on the revival of "The Duchess of Malfi," at the Embassy, not without memories of my own production, with the late Mr. William Poel, at the Independent Theatre in 1892, I asked myself: "What is the play's fascination? What is it that brings this post-Shakespearean melodrama back to our stage?" It is not the plot, for the story is as crudely contrived as any transpontine melodrama, and has no logic either in its characters or its situations. Nobody can really accept the motiveless villainy of the two brothers, nor the horrors which the Duchess has to endure. Webster lays on the sensations with such a copious trowel that a modern audience is almost tempted to titter. They do not, because there are always two saving graces—the beauty and majesty of the poetry, which soars unexpectedly and holds us by its quality; and the distinction of the acting. If we have an ear for cadences and for pregnancy of phrase, then must we listen and find pleasure therein, and, however weird the plot, the jewels of speech delight us. There are wonderful passages in the mouth both of the Duchess and Bosola, the rogue, and, though the tale be incredible

And this brings me to the consideration of a modern melodrama which was at the Royalty. "Father of Lies," though less lurid in its devilities, is still as preposterous in its plot. This devil which Mr. Sam Livesey incarnated

Yet there is room for the play that can rise above the prosaic realities and excite the imagination with fantastic legend. The historian may well throw into the waste-paper basket all the accumulated magic that clings to the name of Paganini. It is not authenticated and it is not plausible. But the playwright finds in this very waste-paper basket the materials for his play. Heine was a poet, and his impressions have fastened themselves on our imagination. Here is the playwright's task, to recapture them in living terms, and the actors' opportunity to translate them for us. Mr. Ernest Milton is an actor whose particular genius is happiest in such a characterisation, for he is essentially a Romantic; and was not Paganini a figure who incarnates the whole movement within his own legend—the movement which Chopin and Liszt have made classic in music? Not by sober, solid, self-conscious methods of writing, not by calculating situations or close characterisation can it be done, for then there is the pivot of revealing the real nature of the play; but by the bold, convincing sweep, by the impassioned voice and by the frank acceptance of the mood. We do not expect the rich texture of a Webster, for poets of such quality are rare; but neither do we want the commonplace crudities of so many recent melodramas. There is a sort of informing sincerity that rescues "Young England" from banality, and, though we laugh at it, we do not despise it. But Paganini, as we know him in the world's drama, is a biography full of glamour—a tale that may not be plausible in cold print read with critical eyes, but a tale, nevertheless, that, told with inspiration, told with gallant faith that defies our questioning minds and commands our imaginative sympathies, must bring again to the theatre something it needs so much to-day—the plausibility of glamour.



"CLIVE OF INDIA," THE FILM BASED ON THE SUCCESSFUL PLAY: YOUNG CLIVE (RONALD COLMAN) INSPECTING HIS FORCE BEFORE THE SIEGE OF ARCOT, WHICH BROUGHT HIM A EUROPEAN REPUTATION AS A SOLDIER.

"Clive of India," which is being made in the United States, is based on the play, by W. P. Lipscomb and R. J. Minney, which has been so successful in London. The India Bill to be debated by Parliament portends the opening of a new era for the country for which Clive did more than any statesman in history, and thus special interest is lent to the film. In our illustration, Clive is seen at Arcot, which he captured with consummate daring from the French party, and then held during a famous siege which caused Pitt to refer to him as a "heaven-born general," and gave Clive a European reputation.

has all the face-values of Webster's villainies and is as motiveless in his actions. We never believed him, and we found his machinations all nonsense in the light of clear thinking. We watched a decent household suddenly transformed into a den of iniquity. The young hero was possessed, and wandered from Mary with the blind eyes to Betty

with "the roving eye." The Victorian aunt sank into a toper with a decanter, and the esteemed doctor became a purveyor of drugs. The horrors were piled up till we had death pacts with a poisoned glass of wine and vitriol-throwing. If we were saved from tittering it was because the actors performed their pretentious actions with such a semblance of sincerity and such tact that we praised their craftsmanship and pitied their plight. Here language had nothing with which to veil the crudities, nothing to fall rememberably on the ear. The passions were not on the grand scale. The devil did not wear the incarnadined cloak and horns, nor even a Renaissance costume, but plus-fours and an eye-glass. There you have it in a nutshell. Prosaic, and empty of the two factors which make Webster worth hearing—the factors of rich speech and rich opportunity for the players are denied. There is no plausibility in the plot in any of them, but there is a stage plausibility when the illusion is established. There is a sort of germane relationship between the extravagances of the plot and the riotous poetic excesses of the language in the Elizabethan playwrights that commands; but when this is reduced to common speech and theatrical tricks of stage lighting and fake incantations, all the hollowness stands exposed.



"CLIVE OF INDIA"—THE AMERICAN SOUND-FILM: RONALD COLMAN, AS CLIVE, DRINKS TO THE SUCCESS OF ENGLAND IN INDIA—LARGELY ENSURED BY HIS OWN DRAMATIC CAREER.

and the situations lurid to the point of the absurd, we submit for the sake of the splendour of the speech. This is the magic which regenerates the base metal into gold, the charm which holds our ears and fascinates our senses, though we smile at the piled-up horrors. But, to give this magic its force, we must have actors of the old tradition, actors who attack the lines for their poetic worth, undaunted by the plot. Irving made second-rate stuff like "The Bells" and "The Lyons Mail" acceptable—nay, raised them to minor classics—because he infused the fustian with fire and gave the crude rhythm of the speech a music. Our modern actors, trained in another tradition, are hesitant at such attacks and too self-conscious of the illogicalities.

The players at the Embassy put up a good show—not good enough to dominate our smiles. It is not that the Cardinal is not cold enough, or the Duke Ferdinand not hot enough—for Mr. Neil Porter and Mr. John Laurie were admirably contrasted—but their tool, Bosola, on whom the story turns and through whom the villainies are done, is drawn as a fantastical, delicate, self-conscious exquisite—excellently, too, in this vein—by Mr. Roy Graham; but is it the right vein? For half the vigour and villainy is tempered by the interpretation, and so we too become vividly conscious of the plot's absurdities, instead of being swept along by the verbal torrent rushing from a monstrous maelstrom. It did not help Miss Joyce Bland, either, though her performance belongs to the true manner, full of distinction and nobility, finely uttered her speech and expressive her actions. With the supporting energy which did not come from Bosola, she had wholly subdued us to the play's verbal beauty.

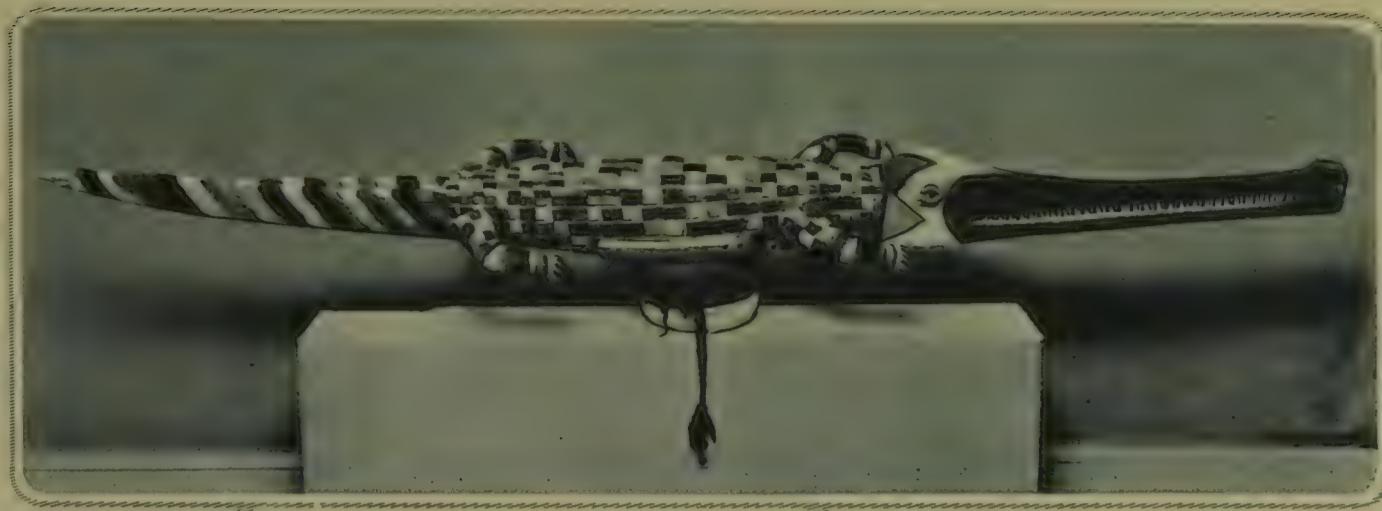


"LA BOHÈME" AS A FILM: GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR., AS MIMI AND RODOLPH.

Murger's famous story, "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème," was the basis of Puccini's famous opera, which, in its turn, has given rise to the film now being made by B.I.P., under the direction of Paul Stein.

NEGRO ART SELECTED
FOR SHOW IN LONDON
AND FOR A BOOK,
DEVOTED TO
ARTS OF WEST AFRICA.

With regard to the Exhibition of Negro Art, it should be noted that the object was to bring together three kinds of works of art which can be studied together with advantage. These are: "1. A selection of negro works such as are usually seen under museum conditions as ethnological specimens. In this exhibition these have been chosen as pure works of art, and displayed as in an exhibition of contemporary work. 2. Placed side by side with these, some paintings and sculpture by living negro artists. 3. Paintings by contemporary English artists some of whose works have been inspired by an interest in negro life or art."



1. A HEAD-DRRESS IN THE FORM OF A CROCODILE SWIMMING; WORN AT DANCES, PROBABLY BY MEMBERS OF THE OBUKERE CLUB, TO PROMOTE INCREASE IN THE FISH-SUPPLY. (DEGEMA, NIGERIA; PAINTED WOOD.)



2. A CEREMONIAL MASK WITH FACE DECORATED AS IN RELIGIOUS DANCES. (PAINTED WOOD WITH GOAT'S HAIR; FUTA TRIBE, FRENCH CONGO.)



3. A GABUN HARP (RIGHT CENTRE) IN THE FORM OF A WOMAN DECORATED WITH RED AND WHITE—COLOURS CONNECTED WITH SPIRITS—AS A LEADER OF RELIGIOUS DANCES OF THE NJEMBE WOMEN'S SECRET SOCIETY.



5. THE RECEPTION OF A WHITE MAN AT A NATIVE VILLAGE: A DOMINATING, BEARDED, BIG-HATTED EUROPEAN ON A HORSE WITH A NATIVE WOMAN RIDING BEHIND HIM, AND OTHER ATTENDANTS. (PAINTED WOOD; LAGOS, NIGERIA; MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY.)



6. A CHIEF—with his WIVES, CHILDREN, AND ATTENDANTS; APPARENTLY ENGAGED IN AN ANCESTRAL RELIGIOUS CEREMONY: A GROUP PROBABLY REGARDED AS A TEMPORARY RESIDENCE FOR ANCESTORS. (RED EARTHENWARE; GOLD COAST.)



4. A MEN'S COMMUNITY'S NAIL-STUDDED FETISH FOR SEEKING OUT EVIL-DOERS; WITH THREATENING DEATH SPEAR AND FRIGHTENING MIRROR. (LOWER CONGO.)



7. A THREE-FACED MASK OF SKIN-COVERED WOOD AND BASKET-WORK, WITH ARTIFICIAL HORNS, METAL EYES AND CANE TEETH; FOR WEARING ON TOP OF THE HEAD AT DANCES. (CAMEROONS.)

The Exhibition of Negro Art at the Adams Gallery, which is in Pall Mall Place, King Street (opposite Christie's), is to continue until February 16. Our illustrations Nos. 1, 2, and 4 show works to be seen there; the others are reproduced from "Arts of West Africa (Excluding Music)," the book, just issued by the Oxford University Press for the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures,

in conjunction with the publication of which the show is being held. Of the harp seen in Picture 3, it may be remarked that the eight strings are of vegetable growth, probably the fine fibrous roots of the palm tree. No. 4 calls for a note: The figure is "holding the threatening spear able to cause death, and a mirror to frighten evil spirits; the nails, sometimes heated, being driven in by the suppliants."

PERIL ON THE SEAS:
DANGER BY COLLISION AND BY STORM.



THE "MOHAWK" DISASTER: THE ILL-FATED VESSEL WHICH FOUNDERED AFTER A COLLISION OFF NEW JERSEY; SEEN AGROUND AFTER A PREVIOUS MISHAP. The U.S. liner "Mohawk" was in collision with the Norwegian cargo-ship "Talisman" on the night of January 24-25, and foundered off Seagirt, New Jersey. Forty-five persons lost their lives in the disaster. The "Mohawk" was a fine vessel of 5896 tons which had been chartered by the Ward Line to take the place of the "Havana," which was lost on a reef

(Continued on right)



THE VESSEL WHICH WAS IN COLLISION WITH THE "MOHAWK": THE NORWEGIAN CARGO-BOAT "TALISMAN," ACROSS WHOSE BOWS THE "MOHAWK" IS ALLEGED TO HAVE SWERVED. off the Bahamas. This is the third loss suffered by the Ward Line in three months, including the "Morro Castle." Rescues were effected by coastguard cutters and by the "Limon" and "Algonquin." Evidence given before a court of enquiry alleged that the collision was due to a sudden and inexplicable failure of the "Mohawk's" steering gear. Portraits of the Scottish family involved in the disaster appear on our Personal Page.



TOWING IN A STORM-BATTERED SAILING-BARGE: THE "T.T.H." SECURED BETWEEN THE CLACTON AND WALTON LIFEBOATS.

One of the victims of the storm which swept this country for three days and only died down on January 27 was the London sailing-barge "T.T.H." She lost her rudder and sprang a leak while off the Thames Estuary. The Clacton-on-Sea and Walton-on-the-Naze lifeboats went to her assistance, and, after a prolonged struggle with heavy seas, lasting some twelve hours, succeeded in towing the barge into Brightlingsea, Essex.



AFTER A COLLISION AT SWANSEA: THE DANISH STEAMER "HJORTHOLM" AGROUND AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE SOUTH DOCK.

The South Dock at Swansea was completely blocked as the result of a collision between the Danish steamer "Hjortholm" and the Clan Line steamer "Clan MacDougall," on the night of January 26-27. The "Hjortholm" went aground with her forepeak awash, blocking the entrance to the South Dock, her bows being embedded in the mud. Several trawlers due to leave were delayed. The "Hjortholm" suffered severe damage to her bows, above and below water-line.



THE "KENKERRY" ASHORE ON NEWFOUNDLAND: A WRECK IN WHICH THE CAPTAIN LOST HIS LIFE, AFTER SEEING TO THE CREW'S SAFETY.

The British cargo-ship "Kenkerry" (3390 tons) broke in two after going ashore outside the mouth of Halifax Harbour, Newfoundland. The master, Captain Duncan Milne, of Cardiff, was drowned after staying on board with the mate and seeing the whole of his crew taken safely ashore. He was apparently swept away while getting into the breeches buoy. Captain Milne was thirty-nine, and left a widow and three children.

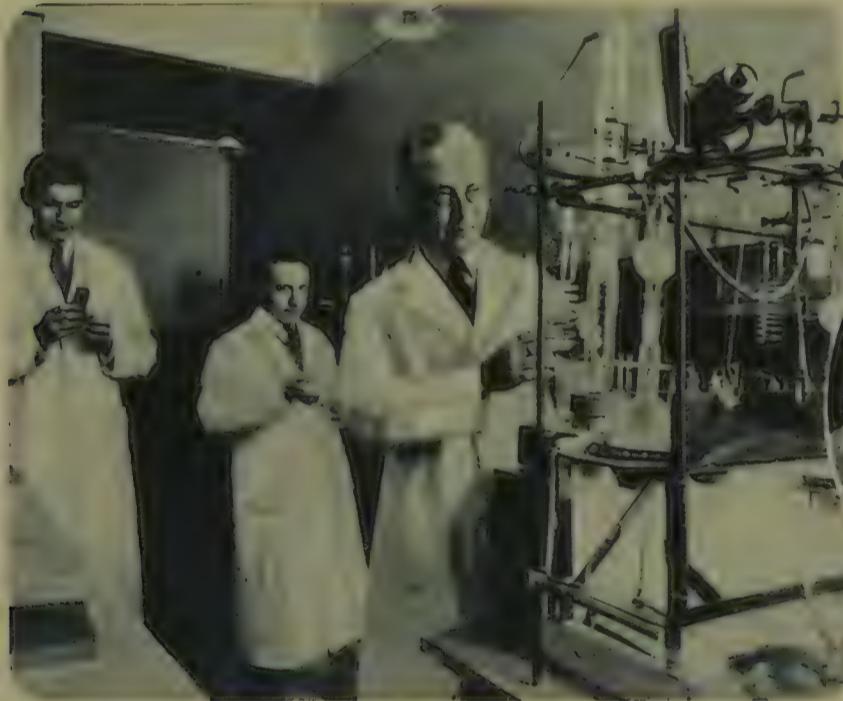


AN UNUSUAL SIGHT: THE NORE LIGHTSHIP, WHICH WAS INVOLVED IN A COLLISION LAST AUTUMN, IN DRY DOCK AT BLACKWALL.

An unusual type of accident occurred when the Nore lightship was run into by a vessel in November last, in a fog. The damage resulting was not particularly serious—though the fate of the unfortunate Nantucket lightship when run down by the "Olympic" stands as an example of what may happen as the result of an encounter of this sort. The Nore lightship is a wooden vessel, and is nearly a hundred years old.

PICTORIAL NOTES ON CURRENT NEWS:
HAPPENINGS NEAR AND FAR.

THE FASTEST TWIN-ENGINED BRITISH MILITARY FLYING-BOAT: A NEW SUPERMARINE RECONNAISSANCE CRAFT, WITH BRISTOL "PEGASUS" ENGINES, TESTED FOR THE R.A.F. This photograph shows, in flight, a new type of Supermarine reconnaissance flying-boat recently undergoing tests for the Royal Air Force. The machine is of all-metal construction and is fitted with two Bristol "Pegasus" engines. It is stated to be the fastest twin-engined British military flying-boat at present in existence. Noteworthy features of this craft are the enclosed cockpit for the pilots and comfortable quarters for the crew.



PREPARING THE "HEAVY WATER" HE DRANK TO TEST ITS EFFECT ON THE BODY. PROFESSOR KLAUS HANSEN (RIGHT) JUST BEFORE HIS RISKY EXPERIMENT.

Professor Klaus Hansen, of Oslo University, believing "heavy water" to be valuable as a drug, but wishing to ensure its safety before experimenting on others, recently drank 10 grammes of a 98 per cent. solution to test its effect on the human body. Other doctors stood by ready to attend him in case of emergency. This one draught cost 100 kroner. "Heavy water" is water composed of "heavy hydrogen" and oxygen. It was discovered, in 1931, by Dr. H. C. Urey, aided by his American colleagues, and he received for it a Nobel Prize for Chemistry.



WITH THE ROYAL TANK CORPS' GIFT TO THE AUSTRALIAN TANK CORPS: (L. TO R.) MR. S. M. BRUCE, GENERAL ELLES, AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. COURAGE.

At Australia House on January 25, Mr. S. M. Bruce, High Commissioner for Australia, accepted from General Sir Hugh Elles, Master-General of the Ordnance and a Colonel-Commandant of the Royal Tank Corps, a silver model of a Mark V. tank, presented by that Corps to the Australian Tank Corps, as a memento of their successful co-operation during the war, especially at the battle of Hamel on July 4, 1918. The model is the work of Mr. Paul Fripp. Mr. Bruce described it as "a delightful recognition of good feeling."

N.B.—We omit reproductions of the "Treasure of the Week" at the Victoria and Albert Museum for the weeks beginning Jan. 24 and 31, as the objects chosen are not very suitable for illustration.



DEMOCRATIC PROGRESS IN SIAM: THE PREMIER (CENTRE) AND OTHER MINISTERS ATTEND

THE OPENING OF A NEW UNIVERSITY OF POLITICAL SCIENCE AT BANGKOK.

Members of the Siamese National Government are seen in this group, taken at the inauguration of the new University of Political Science at Bangkok. In the centre is the Prime Minister, Phya Bahol Bolabaya Sena. The occasion is significant of the new democratic movement in Siam. A few weeks ago, we may recall, conversations took place at Knowle, near Cranleigh, Surrey, between the King of Siam and delegates sent by the Siamese Government, regarding the extent of the royal powers under the new Constitution.



THE LINDBERGH BABY MURDER CASE: THE ACCUSED, BRUNO HAUPTMANN (LEFT),

LEANS ACROSS TWO OFFICIALS TO SPEAK TO HIS WIFE DURING THE TRIAL.

The State evidence against Bruno Hauptmann, accused of murdering Colonel Lindbergh's infant son, concluded on January 23, and the defence opened on the following day, when Hauptmann entered the witness-box. He denied the charges and said he had never seen the baby. A dramatic phase began on the 27th, when the Attorney-General (Mr. Wilentz) took up the cross-examination, standing only a yard from Hauptmann. At the time of writing, the case continues.



THE GERMAN-POLISH RECONCILIATION: GENERAL GÖRING (RIGHT), PREMIER OF PRUSSIA,

LEAVING BERLIN, WITH THE POLISH AMBASSADOR, FOR A HUNTING PARTY IN POLAND.

General Göring, accompanied by M. Lipski, the Polish Ambassador in Berlin, arrived in Warsaw on January 17, and, after visiting the German Embassy, motored to the Bialowieza Forest to join President Moscicki's hunting party. Among the guests also were Herr von Molte (German Ambassador to Poland), M. Lipski, and the Swedish Minister. The forest was reported to be heavily guarded and no journalists were allowed near. It was expected that General Göring would return to Berlin via East Prussia, without revisiting Warsaw.

SOUGHT BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER: MAKO SHARKS, WHICH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZANE GREY. REPRODUCED BY

LEAP THIRTY FEET BY ENERGY RELEASED UNDER WATER.

COURTESY OF (AMERICAN) "NATURAL HISTORY."



A MAKO SHARK FULLY 15 FT. ABOVE THE FISHERMAN: A LEAPING BIG-GAME FISH OF NEW ZEALAND WATERS WHICH WILL TURN THE SCALE AT 500 LB.—OR MORE.



LEAPING IN A FLASH OF BLUE-BLACK AND WHITE: A HOOKED MAKO LEAVING THE WATER, ITS BODY STIFF AND ITS FINS AND FLUKES RIGID.



A MAKO FILMED AT THE TOP OF A 30-FT. LEAP: THE VAULTING SHARK SO HIGH ABOVE THE WATER THAT THE SPLASH IS OUT OF THE PICTURE.



ABOVE] A SPECTACULAR PHOTOGRAPH OF A SPECTACULAR SPORT: A MAKO PHOTOGRAPHED IN MID-LEAP—A GLISTENING, TAPERING FORM AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SEA-GULLS, IN BRIGHT SUNLIGHT. [RIGHT] A MIGHTY MAKO—FISHERMAN MR. ZANE GREY, WHO SENT US THE PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED HERE, WITH A 580-LB. CATCH—HUGE BUT GRACEFUL—and the POWERFUL TACKLE EMPLOYED.



A FEROCIOUS FIGHTING SHARK WHICH HAS TERRORISED FISHERMEN FOR CENTURIES: A HOOKED MAKO LEAPING.

THE FISHERMAN AND HIS OPPONENT—A SEA-MONSTER WHICH HAS BEEN KNOWN TO TURN AND ATTACK THE BOAT: A MAKO VAULTING FROM THE SEA IN ITS EFFORTS TO ESCAPE.

The Duke of Gloucester had a day's fishing off Cape Brett, New Zealand, on January 24. On his spare hand-line, he hooked a mako shark, which leapt twice into the air. Then the line went dead: the fish—about a 300-pounder—had gone. On January 28 he was luckier, and secured a swordfish weighing 250 lb., after a short, severe struggle, while fishing in the Bay of Islands. There is topicality, therefore, in the remarkable photographs here reproduced, although they were taken in New Zealand waters about 150 miles from the scene of his Royal Highness's activities (though on the same side

of the North Island). In the American magazine "Natural History," Mr. Zane Grey, the well-known writer and big-game fisherman, gives the following account of the sport of mako-fishing: "During the nine months of my New Zealand fishing in the summer seasons of 1926, 1927, and 1929, my bag of mako numbered some seventy in all. I had kept strict account of the larger ones, over 300 lb.; and I have caught ten of 400 or over, and one of 580 lb. . . . Mako leap every way under the sun. But they always come up stiff as a poker. The energy is released under

water. Swordfish, tuna, sail-fish, tarpon, king-fish, dolphin—all the great leapers—move their bodies, gills, fins, tails in the air. Not so the mako."

Here is Mr. Grey's description of his party's efforts to photograph mako leaping: "The shark's big fin, sharp and triangular, cut the surface. We ran closer, hoping to get pictures of what happened at the gaff; and we were perhaps two hundred feet away when the mako leaped unexpectedly. He came out slick and fast, without a splash, and as he swept upward, stiff as a poker, gleaming blue-white, with wide pectorals spread and huge

tall cleft, his great savage head narrowing to a spear point, he was assuredly a spectacle to fire any angler. But I was out of position and could not get my camera around in time. . . . I jumped out to be ready for a second leap. It came—a long, low, greyhound bound over the sea, ending in a furious white splash as large as my boat. That time I nailed him on the film. But it would have been better if I had waited. He shot out so close to our bow that he could have been touched, and he went up to half the height of our mast, fifteen feet above the water."



THE PRINCE'S BAGPIPE MARCH; AND OTHER PHASES OF ROYAL ACTIVITY.



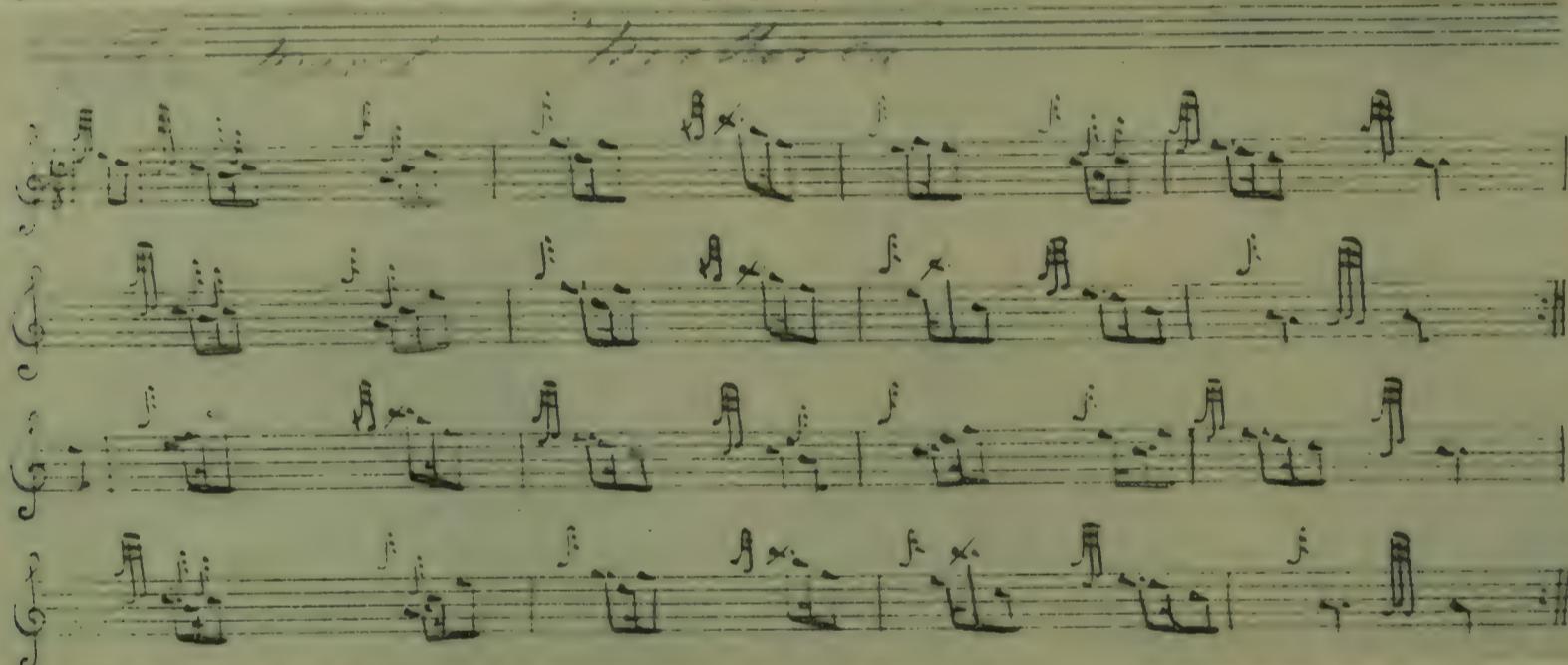
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER (WHO HAS SINCE LANDED A BIG SWORDFISH ELSEWHERE) TROUT-FISHING
OFF THE DELTA AT TOKAANO, NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

During his tour of New Zealand, the Duke of Gloucester has enjoyed several opportunities of fishing. Off the Delta at Tokaano, North Island (where the above photographs were taken), he had two days' trout-fishing, and, despite unfavourable conditions, made a good catch. More recently (as described on a double-page in this number, illustrating leaping mako) he twice went after big-game fish in the Bay of Islands, near Cape Brett, on the extreme north-east coast of



NETTING A TROUT CAUGHT BY THE DUKE (SEATED, WEARING SUN-GLASSES):
AN INCIDENT OF THE TRIP SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.

North Island. As noted on our double-page, he then lost a mako shark, but landed a 250-lb. swordfish. Another big one was caught by Lord Bledisloe, the Governor-General, from a neighbouring launch. Fishing conditions on this occasion were ideal, and the Duke was delighted with his experience. It was arranged that the sword and eyes of the fish which he caught should be mounted and brought to England in H.M.A.S. "Australia."



THE PRINCE OF WALES AS MUSICAL COMPOSER FOR THE BAGPIPES: HIS SLOW MARCH, ENTITLED "MALLORCA," RECENTLY PLAYED AT THE TOWER OF LONDON
AND AT A GATHERING OF LONDON SCOTS HELD TO CELEBRATE THE BURNS ANNIVERSARY.

The Prince of Wales, who has recently taken lessons in bagpipe-playing from Pipe-Major Forsyth, piper to the King, has composed a slow march for the pipes called "Mallorca" (Spanish for Majorca), after the Balearic island which he has more than once visited. Both Pipe-Major Forsyth and Pipe-Major Robertson, of the Scots Guards, to whom it was offered, were enthusiastic over it, and the pipers' band of the Scots Guards rehearsed it with a view to playing it at the

changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace. They gave it for the first time at the Tower of London. It was heard in public on January 25, at Grosvenor House, where Pipe-Major Taylor, of the Royal Caledonian Schools, played it to London Scots celebrating the Burns anniversary. It was also given at the Burns dinner of the Brighton, Hove and District Scottish Association. It has been described as a very fine march with a beautiful melody and a stirring lilt.



THE PRINCE'S MARCH, "MALLORCA," BEING REHEARSED BY THE PIPERS' BAND
OF THE SCOTS GUARDS, UNDER PIPE-MAJOR J. ROBERTSON: PRACTICE WITH A VIEW
TO PLAYING IT AT THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT, FRESH FROM A STORMY AEROPLANE FLIGHT, EMBARKING
AT SOUTHAMPTON FOR THE WEST INDIES: ASCENDING THE LINER'S GANGWAY.

On January 25, in a gale which stopped all air services to the Continent, the Duke and Duchess of Kent flew in the Prince of Wales's D.H. Dragon Moth from Hendon to Southampton, where they embarked in the liner "Duchess of Richmond" for the West Indies. Owing to stormy weather, the ship spent that night in Cherbourg Roads. The Duke and Duchess expect to reach Trinidad on February 6, and on the 13th to begin a flying tour over the Caribbean Islands, returning home early in April. In the West Indies they are to meet the Duke of Gloucester.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:



LADY HOBART.

Master of Taunton Vale Harriers. Killed while hunting on January 28. She was vice-president of the Hampshire Branch of the British Red Cross during the war, and donor and Commandant of West Cliff War Hospital from 1914-19.



MRS. JOHN TELFER; DROWNED IN THE "MOHAWK" DISASTER.



MASTER IAN TELFER; SAVED IN THE "MOHAWK" DISASTER.



MR. JOHN TELFER; DROWNED IN THE "MOHAWK" DISASTER.



MR. E. G. A. BECKWITH.

Headmaster, the Imperial Service College, Windsor, since 1912. Died January 26; aged sixty-five. Head of the Army School, Stratford-on-Avon, 1901-08; at Maidenhead, 1908-12. Played cricket for Stafford, and football for Middlesex.



A FAMOUS COURT TENNIS-PLAYER DEAD: THE LATE MR. JAY GOULD.

Mr. Jay Gould, probably the most famous exponent of court tennis of our day, died on January 27; aged forty-six. He began by winning the American Amateur Championship in 1906, and then the English Amateur Championship and the Olympic Games competition. In 1913 he challenged G. F. Covey, champion of tennis, and beat him at Philadelphia in 1914. He resigned his title in 1917.



ENTHUSIASM OVER MISS EARHART'S PACIFIC FLIGHT: THE MICROPHONE AND AN "OUT-SIZE" BOUQUET THRUST UPON HER BEFORE SHE COULD LEAVE HER AEROPLANE, IN CALIFORNIA.

As we noted in our issue of January 19, when we gave a portrait of her, Miss Amelia Earhart flew from Honolulu to California, a distance of 2408 miles. She was alone; although Mr. Ulm had previously lost his life in attempting to cross the same vast stretch of water. The enthusiasm in America was intense. Our photograph shows how, before she even had a chance to climb down from her aeroplane, the insistent radio man had her describing her experiences on her flight; while she manfully held up a huge bunch of roses.



THE NEW JUDGE IN THE ADMIRALTY DIVISION: MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL.

Mr. A. T. Bucknill was appointed a Judge in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court on January 22, in succession to the late Mr. Justice Bateson. Born in 1880, Mr. Justice Bucknill was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he took a first in Modern History. He had a large practice in Admiralty work.



THE NEW BULGARIAN GOVERNMENT: GENERAL ZLATEFF (CENTRE) WITH CIVILIAN AND MILITARY MEMBERS OF HIS CABINET.

Colonel Gheorgieff resigned on January 22, and General Zlateff, Minister of War in his Cabinet, formed a Government of officers and civilians; though the military element predominated. The members of the Government seen in our illustration are (l. to r.) M. M. Kalenderoff (Justice), General Radeff (Education), M. Batoloff (Foreign Affairs), General Zlateff, Professor Y. Moloff (National Economy), M. N. Zaharieff (Communications), and Colonel K. Koleff (Interior). M. Batoloff had held the same office in the previous Government.



VISITING LONDON: M. FLANDIN, THE FRENCH PRIME MINISTER.

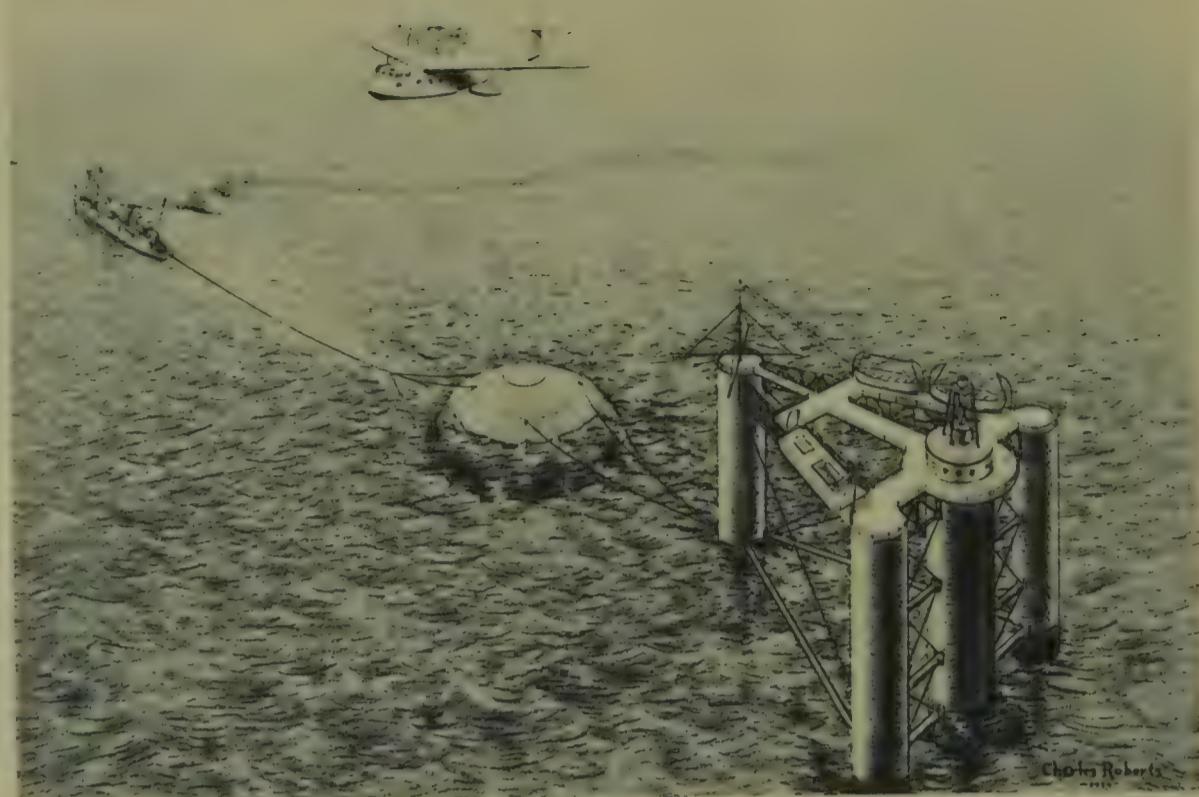


VISITING LONDON: M. LAVAL, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER.

It was arranged at the time of the Saar Plebiscite that the French Prime Minister, M. Flandin, and the Foreign Minister, M. Laval, should visit London at the beginning of February. The general purpose of their visit is stated to be the discussion of all European problems of the moment while the European situation remains favourable. It is intended that ultimately other countries, notably Italy and Germany, shall be drawn into the discussion.

SEADROME MOORINGS: A 1500-TON ANCHOR AT A THREE-MILE DEPTH.

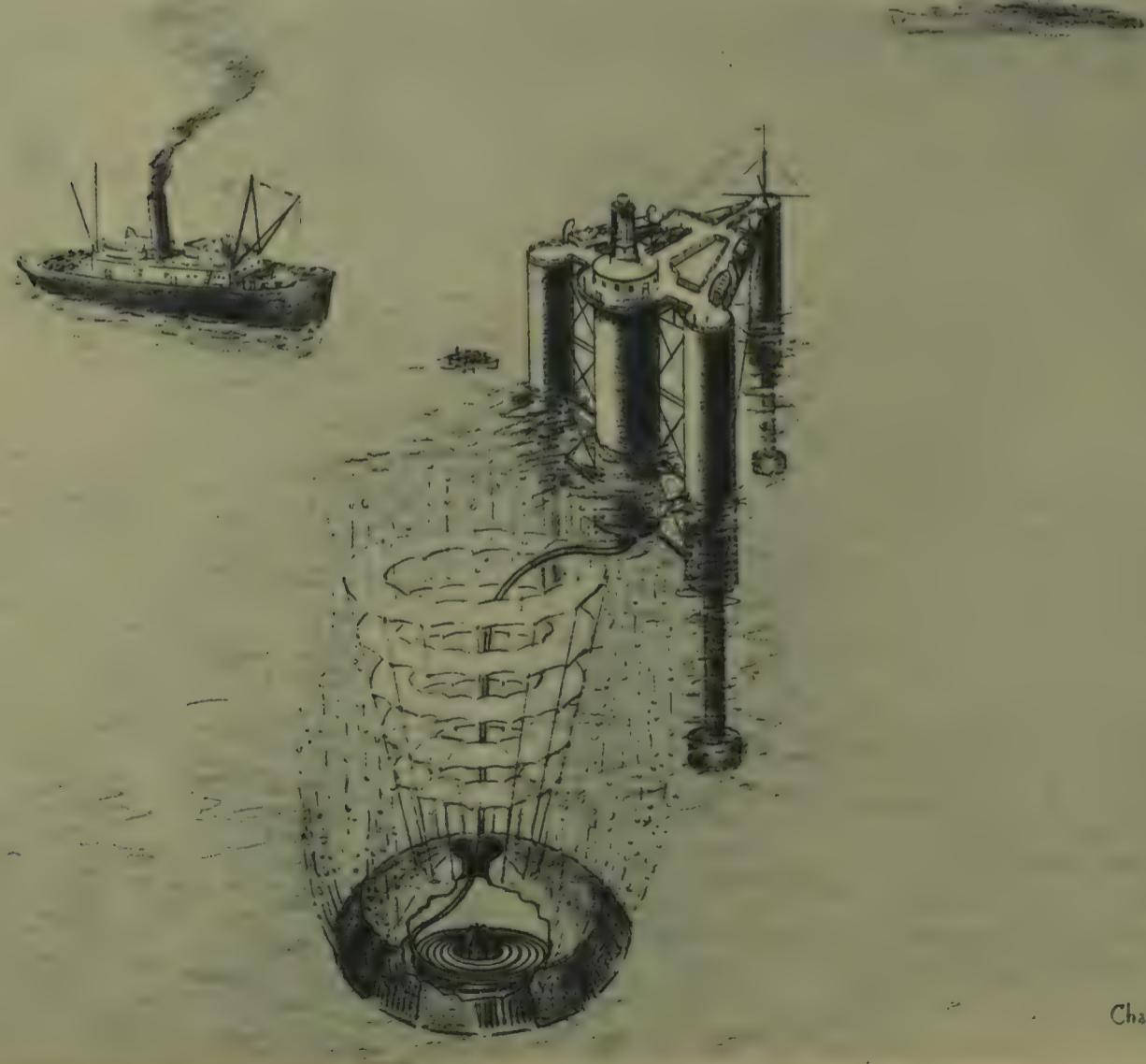
IN our issue of January 5 last we illustrated designs for an Armstrong "seadrome," a type of floating landing-ground for trans-ocean aeroplanes that might be stationed at several points in the Atlantic, enabling passenger flights to be made between Europe and America in a series of Transatlantic "hops." As we then noted, the U.S. Navy Department has approved the building of one such seadrome, recommending that the Seadrome Ocean Dock Corporation should receive a loan of £1,600,000 for the construction of a seadrome to be placed on an air route between New York and Bermuda. Details of the seadrome itself accompanied our illustrations. Here we show the method of mooring it. The seadrome would be moored by cable (having an almost horizontal pull) to a floating buoy, which in turn would be attached by cable to a huge dome-shaped steel "anchor," with a flat base some 100 ft. in diameter, and weighing about 1500 tons. This anchor would be lowered to the ocean floor, at any depth up to 3½ miles, and rest there, like a gigantic limpet. The upper drawing shows a steamer towing the anchor (afloat by means of its flotation chamber) and the pillared anchorage buoy to a selected position in mid-ocean. On the buoy will be noticed a small lighthouse and two boats.



MOORINGS FOR A PROJECTED ARMSTRONG SEADROME FOR TRANS-OCEAN AEROPLANES: TOWING THE ANCHOR (A 1500-TON CIRCULAR STEEL STRUCTURE CONTAINING A FLOTATION CHAMBER) AND THE PILLARED ANCHORAGE BUOY (IN THE RIGHT FOREGROUND), TO WHICH THE SEADROME ITSELF WOULD BE ATTACHED BY CABLE, TO A SELECTED POINT IN MID-OCEAN.

2500 fathoms (or 15,000 ft.) the cable system would be about 17,300 ft. long, and weigh 435 tons. The cable between the seadrome and the surface buoy, it is stated, could withstand 3½ times the amount of stress caused by the worst Atlantic conditions, while that connecting the buoy with the anchor would bear ten times the calculated strain. This type of seadrome, it may be added, is named after its inventor, Mr. Edward R. Armstrong.

The other illustration shows the method of lowering the enormous anchor to the ocean floor. The domed roof of the anchor, it will be seen, has been cut away diagrammatically to show that the structure is hollow, and that the cable coiled within gradually pays out through a central aperture at the top as the anchor descends. The speed of the descent and the position of the anchor are controlled by a system of five circular water-brakes, made of canvas and rope, attached to the anchor. Thus, it is calculated, it would sink at a rate of about 300 ft. per minute, requiring about an hour to reach the ocean bed at some of the deepest points chosen. At a 3-mile depth the anchor would be subject to water-pressure of about 750,000 tons, making it immovable by any force exerted through the anchorage cables. For an anchorage at



THE PROJECTED METHOD OF LOWERING THE "ANCHOR" FROM THE FLOATING BUOY TO THE OCEAN BED: THE ANCHOR'S ROOF DIAGRAMMATICALLY CUT TO SHOW THE CABLE, COILED WITHIN, GRADUALLY PAYING OUT DURING THE DESCENT, AT A SPEED OF ABOUT 300 FT. A MINUTE, REGULATED BY CANVAS-AND-ROPE WATER-BRAKES, WHICH WOULD ALSO HAVE THE EFFECT OF KEEPING THE ANCHOR IN THE REQUISITE POSITION AS IT DESCENDED.

CURIOSITIES: A LYNX IN DAYTIME; A YOUNG GORILLA IN A GROUND NEST.



A NOCTURNAL AFRICAN ANIMAL, PRIZED AND DOMESTICATED BY THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS, BUT NOW NOTORIOUS AS A SHEEP-KILLER: A LYNX PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE ROADSIDE IN THE DAYTIME, AFTER IT HAD BEEN DRIVEN AWAY FROM A SHEEP-RUN.



A PHOTOGRAPH THOUGHT TO BE THE FIRST TAKEN OF A YOUNG GORILLA IN THE NEST; AND EVIDENCE THAT THIS STRUCTURE, CONTRARY TO MANY TRAVELLERS' REPORTS, IS BUILT ON THE GROUND, NOT IN A TREE.

A correspondent, sending us the two remarkable photographs of animals here reproduced, writes: "The African Lynx (the caracal) was much prized, and even domesticated, by the ancient Egyptians. It is nocturnal, and is rarely seen in the daytime. This one had just been driven off after it had attacked sheep, on which its kind levies a heavy toll. The caracal is extremely fierce, and is seldom successfully trapped; and when it is, it constantly makes its escape in most

extraordinary fashion." Of the baby gorilla, we read: "This is thought to be the first photograph ever taken of a baby gorilla in the nest. It was obtained by Mr. T. A. Glover, during a journey into the Middle Congo. It is of interest to note that this nest is on the ground, and not in the trees. Although Mr. Glover observed more than two hundred nests, the only ones seen in trees were found to belong to chimpanzees."



FIG. 1. ONE OF THE WONDERFUL EXTERIOR WALL-PAINTINGS ON CHURCHES IN THE BUKOVINA (A PROVINCE OF RUMANIA): A GIGANTIC "LAST JUDGMENT" ON THE WEST WALL OF THE CHURCH AT VORONETZ. (SEE DETAIL IN FIGS. 3 AND 4.)



FIG. 3. DETAIL OF THE LEFT SIDE OF THE WALL-PAINTING IN FIG. 1: (TOP ROW) OLD TESTAMENT PROPHETS AND KINGS; (MIDDLE ROW) MARTYRS AND BISHOPS; (BELOW) HERMITS IN A GARDEN AND ANCHORITES ENCLOSED BY A WALL.

"East of Sziget," writes the correspondent who sends us these photographs, "in the northern end of the Transylvanian Alps, where they are already descending into the great plains of Poland, lies Voronetz, a disused monastery, in a cup surrounded by hills. It was built by the famous Voivod of Moldavia, Stephen the Great, to commemorate one of his forty-two victories against the Hungarians, Poles, Tartars and Turks, for each of which he is said to have built a monastery. In 1547 an exonarthex was added to Voronetz, and the great work of the frescoes was begun. They cover every wall of the church inside and out, and create an astonishing effect of brilliance by careful juxtaposition of natural reds, browns,

THE BUKOVINA'S UNIQUE PAINTED CHURCHES: EXTERIOR FRESCOES NEARLY 400 YEARS OLD.



FIG. 2. INSIDE THE CHURCH AT VORONETZ: A TYPICAL BYZANTINE INTERIOR CROWDED WITH ORNAMENT OF LATER DATE—SHOWING AN ICON (ON A STAND IN RIGHT CENTRE FOREGROUND) WHICH THE ORTHODOX KISS ON ENTERING.

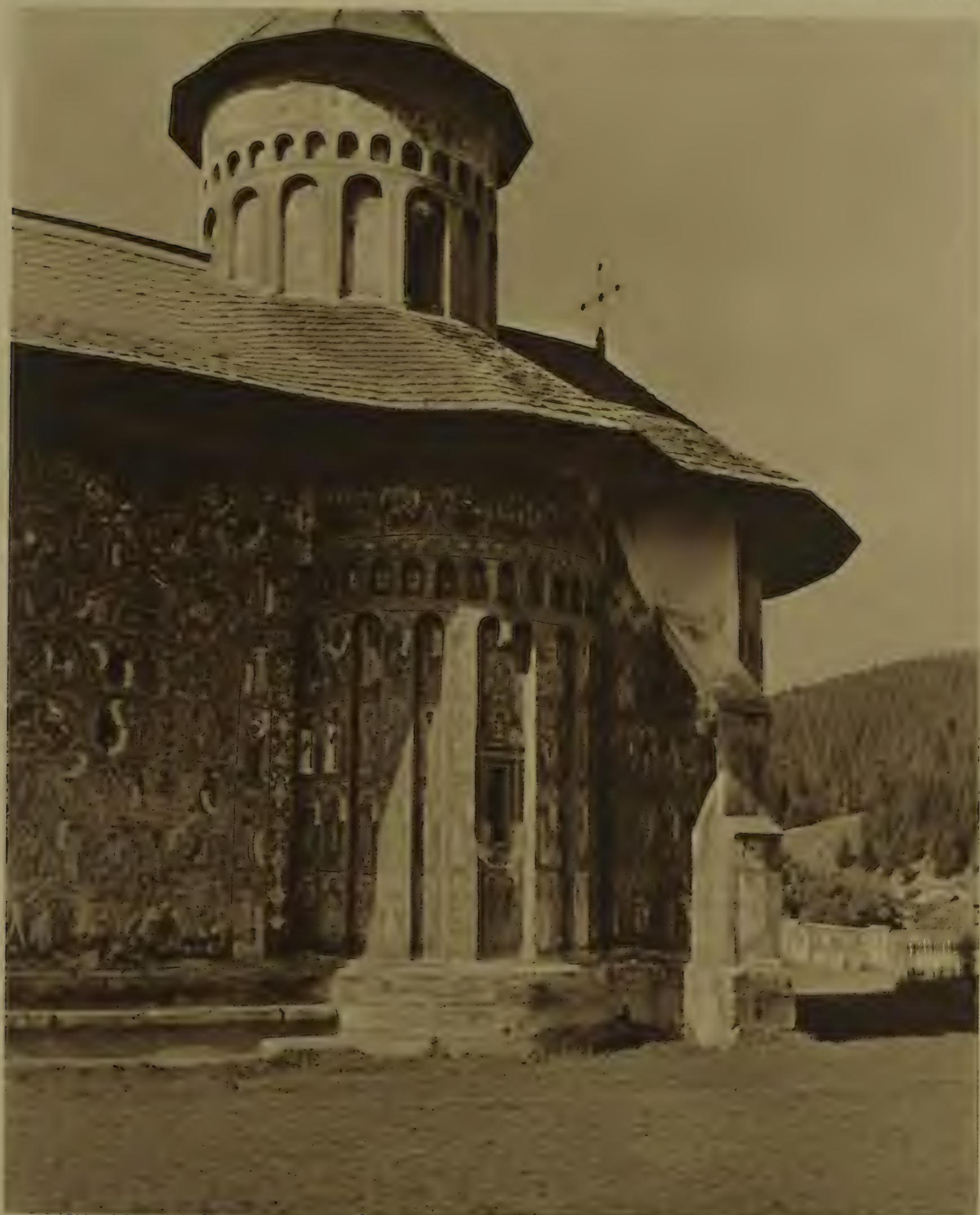


FIG. 4. DETAIL OF THE WALL-PAINTING IN FIG. 1: FIGURES JUST TO RIGHT OF THE ANCHORITES' ENCLOSURE (LOWER CENTRE)—THE DEATH OF MAN, WITH AN ANGEL RECEIVING HIS SOUL; AND KING DAVID PLAYING BEFORE THE LORD.

greens, and blues, picked out with touches of white. The interior frescoes are very beautiful, but almost impossible to reproduce owing to the usual darkness in churches of the Greek Rite; but, in any case, it is the glorious exterior work which is of particular interest, because there are many interior frescoes of equal beauty elsewhere, whereas these exterior paintings are unique except in the Bucovina. Through the piled snow of the winters and the scorching sun of nearly 400 years, these frescoes have lasted with scarcely any dimming of their pristine freshness. The face of the west wall, unbroken owing to the entrance of these churches always being on the south side, presents a gigantic 'Last Judgment.'

[Continued opposite.]

EXTERIOR WALL-PAINTINGS OF VORONETZ CHURCH: A "TREE OF JESSE."



THE PAINTED CHURCH AT VORONETZ, IN THE BUKOVINA, RUMANIA (ILLUSTRATED ALSO ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE):
PART OF THE SOUTH WALL, WITH A "TREE OF JESSE" FRESCO, AND THE SOUTH-EAST APSE.

Continued.]

At the top, unfortunately in the shadow in the photograph, is God the Father with angels; in the second zone, Christ in glory occupies the centre, with Saint Joseph and the Virgin Mary on either side, and the Twelve Apostles seated to left and right. In the third zone, Man is being judged, and from left to right are Old Testament prophets and holy men, kings and princes. On the left of the fourth zone are martyrs and (in vestments) doctors and bishops of the early Church; in the centre angels are expelling erring mankind with long tridents into the great brown River of Hell, which flows down into the fifth zone, carrying souls of the condemned; and also occupying the two lowest zones on the right

is Hell, with its creatures and a symbolical figure. To the left, below the martyrs, are hermits sitting in a quiet garden contemplating in peace, while to right of them are anchorites enclosed by a wall. In the centre is the Death of Man, with an angel receiving his soul, and King David playing before the Lord." Detail of the lower right corner appears on page 181. In the photograph on the right-hand page above, part of a fresco of "The Tree of Jesse" is seen on the left. On the curving wall of the apse are figures arranged in zones, as in all these Rumanian painted churches. Several of the churches, we may recall, including that of Voronetz, were illustrated in colour in our issue of April 19, 1930.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

"THE BLACK CONSUL," by Anatolii Vinogradov, is an interpretation of the French Revolution and the rise and fall of Toussaint l'Ouverture by a Soviet writer who plainly stands in the line of direct succession to the great Russian novelists of the preceding generation. It breaks fresh ground in more ways than one, and notably by hammering home excerpts from historical documents in the appeal it makes to sympathy for men down-trodden and betrayed.

It opens in the winter of 1788, a date that the French working people are to remember by the rise in the price of bread. Marat appears in a snowbound street of Paris; Marat and Robespierre, you will understand, are to Vinogradov the true heroes of the Revolution. It is the hour of the tremendous prologue to the tragedy of the French West Indian negroes, and well-known characters and world-shaking events crowd into the picture. The scene shifts to San Domingo. Napoleon, the White Consul on whom Toussaint and his brethren had pinned their faith, cheats and stamps them back to slavery, and the Black Consul is left perishing in his prison in the Jura. That is the bare framework of a book that displays the masterful manipulation of a vast mass of material, and the impulsion of an extraordinary vigour.

"Goslings in the Ashes," by Elizabeth D'Oyley, is also historical fiction. John Bolmer, the typical country gentleman of the days of Henry VIII., and his associates are, we are told, real people. How far they have been idealised it is idle to speculate; Miss D'Oyley is careful to tell us she has drawn on her imagination in the portrayal of their characters. Bolmer and Margaret, his wife, were executed in the savage repression that followed the Pilgrimage of Grau. The blending of terror and magnificence, and the intimate lives and sufferings of great and lesser folk, combine to make up a rich and moving novel of Tudor times.

Lady Eleanor Smith is in her element in "Tzigane." It is a gipsy novel, and as clever as paint. Hassina was a born dancer, one of a brood of half-starved gipsy children who roved from Egypt to Spain, following the random, immemorial road of their nomad people. It was Hassina's destiny to be tamed; but first she was to drink the sweet and bitter waters of life to the dregs. She fell in love once, and only once, and with a man of her race. She loved—she learned to love—the gajo whom she married. The anguish with which her spirit was subdued from its wild desire to peaceful captivity is the pivot of her story. "Tzigane" is realistic, fiery, and pathetic all at once. The ease with which Lady Eleanor slips from one ardent situation to another is a tribute to her genius for movement, and the happy ending to her brilliant ingenuity.

"Winter's Youth" forecasts the world of 1960, John Gloag meanwhile cocking an ironical eye at 1935. Political loose ends and national combustible material are still lying about in 1960; the Press is beating drums, big business pulling strings, and conferences are thicker over Europe than ever. Old men at the seat of Government, old men clinging to power, are Mr. Gloag's particular target. He is crammed with provocative ideas, and "Winter's Youth" is indubitably a stimulating entertainment. "This Was Ivor Trent" is intended to stimulate us, but Claude Houghton has overdone its airs of portentous mystery. Ivor Trent comes through as an idea, not a personality. We hear about him mainly through his friends. The friends, on the other hand, tell their own stories, and tell them so well that they capture and hold the interest of the story. What we are given to understand is that they felt Trent to be a remarkable person. We learn at long last that he had plumbed the abyss of himself and glimpsed the magnitude of man's misery; and also that he had discovered "that man contains the potentialities of a new being." (The italics are the author's.) Arising, presumably, out of this, he had been confronted with a vision of the man of the Future, "his forehead creased with serenity." It was the supreme event of Ivor Trent's life, and it shattered him into

breakdown. No doubt; but what about it? Any force the revelation might have possessed has been dissipated on the long, long trail of the narrative. "This Was Ivor Trent" cannot be reckoned among Mr. Houghton's successes.

"The Return," by Norah C. James, and "The Old Man's Birthday," by Richmal Crompton, are novels expertly contrived, and worked out with a fine sense of character. "The Return" is the straightforward story of a lower middle-class wife and husband. Given the circumstances, it might be any wife and any husband. It is a sorry complication that estranges Jack and Effie, and a beautiful inevitability that effects their reconciliation. Jack was working in a motor garage when he married. He was contented to have just Effie and the baby; Effie's mother he had not bargained for. His work was good to him; even after the Beacon Garage was burned, and he had to go farther and fare worse, he could stand up to misfortune. The domestic calamity came when Effie went off the rails—jumpy Effie with the nerves and the emotional restlessness that led to her affair with

aggressive relations, who give themselves airs and are his inferiors in true breeding. The comparison is there, of course; but if Lanty had had a spark of fighting spirit he would not have let himself be dragged away from Latter Howe to the Norfolk farm, and transformed from a successful farmer to a bankrupt one. There must have been other ways of ministering to a consumptive wife. She dies slowly, and her dying is a pathetic, heart-shaking affair. It can be said that Miss Wallace, having decided to write an intense novel, has carried it through with distinction; but the faulty emphasis in Lanty's decisions is regrettable.

"Thirsty Earth," by F. Rhodes Farmer, is an Australian novel, in which the grisly spectacle of the drought eclipses the human element. The Cliffords and their English visitors are little more than lay figures. The West Australian scene is convincing, and the station hands are photographically true to life. "Thirsty Earth" will not tempt the would-be settler to the great open spaces of Australia, and, judging by Miss Farmer's bias, no English need apply. Nor, we think, will "Landscape with Figures" encourage a cautious explorer to search for Bryan Guinness's corner of an unnamed countryside, where everybody is unaccountably freakish. The story will be read with enjoyment for the spirit of its wit, the soft tones of the landscape, and its delightful studies of children. The charm of "Landscape with Figures" lies in the happy blending of these ingredients.

Here is a sombre book with an ironical title. It is the dark side of American labour conditions that Robert Cantwell puts forward in "The Land of Plenty." He is bitterly intent on disclosing the plight of the workers under the industrial depression. He flings the foul language, the sweat, the passions and apprehensions seething in a western American mill on to the printed page. The stifling darkness when the electric light fails is symbolical of the blind confusion in the men's lives. Not that he troubles to point that out; he is engrossed in marshalling his facts and dredging the depths of an acute American problem. Mr. Cantwell's writing is of a high order, and "The Land of Plenty" is starkly powerful. It does not make comfortable reading; but it should be read.

"The Diary of a Murderer," adapted by Virginia and Frank Vernon from "Aux Abois," by Tristan Bernard, is the book of murder as it really is, and "Three Act Tragedy," by Agatha Christie, the book of murder as her engaging art persuades you it might be. The murderer, in his diary, lays bare his crooked his self-destructive egoism.

Walt. These are commonplace people invested with significance. "The Return" equals, if it does not excel, Miss James's achievement in "Straphangers."

The old man in "The Old Man's Birthday" was ninety-five, the patriarch of a well-to-do circle. He was an old man with a roving past in which he had accumulated a decent fortune and an indecent amount of worldly wisdom. Racketing round the globe, diamond-digging and what not, he had been vaguely amused by the thought of his ultra-respectable family at home. In his extreme old age he was still amused, finding it funny that none of his descendants had inherited the devil in him. But if they were conventional, they had their passionate adventures, and from dawn to dark of the old man's birthday they were in the thick of them. Some of the party were desperately entangled; jealousy and outraged propriety and frustrated energy of youth are devils to plague a birthday party; and they are vividly realised by the light of Miss Crompton's alert intelligence.

Doreen Wallace has aimed high in "Latter Howe." The Cumberland farm is everything it should be, a marvel of delicate modelling; and Lanty Lewthwaite, on his first appearance, is an attractive figure, aptly designed to harmonise with it. Then love and trouble, hand in hand, descend upon him. In the conduct of his life Lanty appears as a bit of a fool, a suggestion Miss Wallace has not intended to convey. What is meant is to draw comparison between the modest young farmer and his wife's

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Black Consul. By A. Vinogradov. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
Goslings in the Ashes. By Elizabeth D'Oyley. (Bles; 7s. 6d.)
Tzigane. By Lady Eleanor Smith. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)
Winter's Youth. By John Gloag. (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.)
This Was Ivor Trent. By Claude Houghton. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)
The Return. By Norah C. James. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
The Old Man's Birthday. By Richmal Crompton. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
Latter Howe. By Doreen Wallace. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
Thirsty Earth. By F. Rhodes Farmer. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)
Landscape with Figures. By Bryan Guinness. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)
The Land of Plenty. By Robert Cantwell. (Bell; 7s. 6d.)
The Diary of a Murderer. Adapted from Tristan Bernard's "Aux Abois." (Cresset Press; 6s.)
Three Act Tragedy. By Agatha Christie. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)

DEPICTING CAPPADOCIAN ROCKS? A FRESCO ON A RUMANIAN CHURCH.



SHOWING, IN THE RESURRECTION SCENE, A LINE OF CONICAL ROCKS CURIOUSLY LIKE THOSE, IN CAPPADOCIA, OF WHICH EXAMPLES APPEAR ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE: PART OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY FRESCO ON VORONETZ CHURCH.

The above photograph shows in detail the lower right-hand corner of a gigantic exterior wall-painting of "The Last Judgment" (of which a complete general view is given on page 178) on the west wall of the Church at Voronetz, in the Bukovina, a province of northern Rumania. As noted there, these remarkable frescoes were begun in 1547. Describing this portion of the wall-painting, the correspondent who sent us the photographs says: "Occupying the two lowest zones on the right is Hell, with its creatures and a symbolical female figure (variously interpreted as representing Hope or the Earth Mother) seated on a great fish and holding a ship. The weird rock-formations in this scene, which

occur throughout Byzantine painting as a constant convention, are, it is thought, representations of the rocks in Cappadocia, of which photographs appeared in 'The Illustrated London News' of November 3, 1934. Above is a group of Ethiopians, Latins, and Turks condemned to Hell, according to Orthodox theology. Below them is seen the awakening of the dead by angels with trumpets." The dead are seen rising from tombs hewn in the sides of the rocks in a manner that recalls the mediæval cells and churches excavated in the Cappadocian rocks shown in the photograph given on the opposite page. It is one of several illustrating the subject which appeared in our issue of November 3 last.



IT is always good fun to disagree heartily with the opinions of our elders and betters, and only a very little less pleasant to be able to congratulate them upon an intelligent anticipation of our own views. Maybe this is an attitude which fosters spiritual pride, for by it you have the best of both worlds: you read the judgment of some long-dead critic and murmur: "Well said, old fellow!—you also had good taste"; or perhaps: "Poor dodderer!—was this the eloquent pen that made our grandfathers weep with aesthetic emotion?" In either case, you look backwards with conscious patronage and go on your way with a wholly unjustified admiration of your own wisdom. With one particular artist the lover of painting has notable opportunities of emulating Narcissus and gazing at his own reflection in the smooth, polished surface of the prose of the brothers de Goncourt, whose opinions of the ability of Jean Baptiste Greuze meet with general acceptance to-day. Both ourselves and those sensitive and learned critics of the eighteen-eighties are substantially in agreement: we both feel that Greuze has surface qualities, but that he is too often a sentimental decorator, a painter of pretty and rather fatuous faces, and, in short, a bit of a bore. We complain that much of his work lacks force and characterisation, that he is eternally producing the same insipid types, that an endless succession of chocolate-box covers is more than we can bear.

For this reason the portrait illustrated upon the opposite page seems to possess quite exceptional importance, for it shows that Greuze had in him the makings of a considerable painter, and that he could just once in a while reach heights which were hopelessly beyond his ordinary capacity. Certain of his drawings exhibit an equal merit—or at least an equal promise—but then, drawings done rapidly and without an eye to the main chance often do astonish the onlooker by the way the fleeting moment is seized upon and held suspended in a vivid and timeless revelation; a finished painting is a more subtle and difficult problem. In the picture reproduced opposite, the artist shows us not merely the soft charm of youth—a trick he could perform whenever required—but he brings to his task an understanding not only of form, but of character, which I for one find profoundly moving, as if Brahms suddenly appeared in the mantle of Beethoven. The secret in this instance is human enough: he is painting to please himself and not for the market, and he is painting his own daughter. This picture, with its companion (almost equally good), dates from 1766, and was bought soon afterwards by his friend, the engraver Wille, for the Count Moltke of the period, and has remained in the Moltke Palace, Copenhagen, ever since. Both pictures are now to be seen at the Sabin Gallery, 154, New Bond Street, at an exhibition of French and Venetian seventeenth-

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

PAINTINGS FROM TWO WORLDS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

century paintings. Wille notes in his Journal: "I paid 40 louis for them on behalf of M. le Comte. I had *carte blanche*." He also speaks of them as superb.

To a good many visitors, not the least attractive part of the portrait illustrated will be the beautiful painting of the pewter on the table, whose dull gleam is set off by the yellowish tones of the little jar; one's mind's eye sees immediately a Chardin interior—and thence goes back in time and across frontiers to seventeenth-century Holland, where not even Vermeer would have been ashamed of this corner. Add to this virtue the modelling of the hand, of nose, mouth, chin, and eyes, and, what is more, a certain intensity of feeling which is reminiscent, however faintly, of the portrait of Rembrandt's son Titus in Lord Crawford's collection, and the fashionable painter of pretty heads, the unashamed manufacturer of sugar-candy beauties,

unsentimental, challenging. By the time this was painted—presumably very soon after the fall of Robespierre in 1794, when Madame Tallien was uncrowned Queen of France as wife of one of its most powerful men—Greuze, who had made money and spent it, and married a wife who was a thoroughly unpleasant creature, had found that Revolutions were poor fun for sentimental painters. He was hopelessly out of key with the times, and, though he lived till 1805, it was a forgotten old man who wrote to the Minister of the Interior in the year IX.: "I beg you to give me something on account.... I am seventy-five with not a single commission—I have lost everything, both talent and courage."

The frivolity of this new world of the Directory was of a sterner pattern, just as the graceful dress of Madame Tallien is more severe than the hoops and extravagances of thirty years before. As a painting

it has all the correctness of David, his cool tones, his great gift of evoking an echo of ancient Greece—a gift which does not owe everything to the severe draperies with their deliberately Greek mannerisms, but which is implicit in his somewhat dry style, as if he had worked upwards from painting vases in the fifth century B.C. With society going all antique, not to say heroic, it is not surprising that Greuze lost his commissions. David was no great colourist, but he was a draughtsman, and he knew how to place his figures on a canvas.

Presumably the colour scheme of this picture owes as much to the lady as to the painter: a light blue belt on the white dress is balanced by the light blue ribbons in the hair—the cloak, if one can so describe it, is a warm, yellowish terra-cotta. The attractiveness of the painting is in this case equalled by the attractiveness of the subject: Madame Tallien was one of those rare and extraordinary creatures who possess both charm and beauty, and who are at one and the same time generous, clever, and business-like. Daughter of the banker Cabarrus, she married, first, the Marquis de Fontenay, whom she divorced; she then became the mistress, and in due course the wife, of Tallien; next the mistress of Barras, and when his position became insecure, of the banker Ouvrard. She failed to attract Napoleon, and in 1805, when she was thirty-two, she married the Prince de Chimay, who was as devoted to her as she to him; he helped her to bring up her children by her various husbands and lovers, including his own, and they lived happily

until her death at the age of sixty-one. It is an extraordinary story, from which the serious-minded will find it difficult to draw any very edifying moral. Incidentally, it was, in a way, Ouvrard and his fellow-financiers who were largely responsible for the poverty which clouded the last years of Greuze. In spite of his worthless wife, Greuze had some savings, which were all swallowed up in the *assignats* of the revolutionary period: before very long *assignats* were nearly as valueless as German currency in the inflation years, and it was partly owing to Ouvrard and his friends that this catastrophe came upon an already distracted country.



A FINE DAVID ON EXHIBITION IN LONDON: A PORTRAIT OF THE FAMOUS MADAME TALLIEN, IN GREECAN ROBES; PAINTED IN 1794 OR 1795.

Reproduction by Courtesy of Mr. Frank T. Sabin.

stands suddenly before us as an epic poet when we had thought him capable only of second-rate Christmas-cracker verse.

It is perhaps worth noting that the consensus of intelligent opinion as to the merits of the average Greuze has no influence upon its market price. Whenever a Greuze (or a near-Greuze) comes up at auction it is assured of a welcome, for pretty faces, cunningly painted, are as much the mode now as they were before the French Revolution; but if ever that particular fashion goes, the deeper qualities inherent in this little picture will ensure its immortality.

As a foil to this interpretation of childhood, look at the portrait of Madame Tallien by David—crisp,

GREUZE IN MOST UNDERSTANDING MOOD: A WORK ON SHOW IN LONDON.



GREUZE'S PORTRAIT OF HIS DAUGHTER—PAINTED IN 1766.

Mr. Frank Davis writes: "Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1726-1805) is usually dismissed as a pleasant, sentimental French painter who could represent the charm of childhood with extreme competence but no great imagination. The Wallace Collection contains twenty-two, and the National Gallery four, pictures from his brush which all more or less conform to type. They are agreeable, sweet confections, but arouse little enthusiasm among visitors because their very real surface qualities conceal an uncommon emptiness of mind on the part of their creator. Greuze could, however, achieve something incomparably finer when the

mood was on him, as is evidenced by the sensitive little portrait of his daughter illustrated above. It was, no doubt, painted originally for his own pleasure and not for commercial reasons, and in it his natural affection for the subject has driven him to a deeper and more profound understanding. It has been in the collection of the Counts Moltke, of Copenhagen, since it was bought for them by the painter's friend, the engraver Wille. It is now at the Frank Sabin Gallery, where it forms part of an exhibition of French and Venetian pictures of the 18th century. It is signed and dated 1766, and is 15½ by 12½ inches in size."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is something about a sailing-ship—just as there is something about a soldier—which exerts a peculiar fascination. When I was a small boy—some little time ago, but yet after the invention of ironclads—I was forever painting pictures of ships in full sail, though innocent of any knowledge concerning rig. I don't know whether all small boys are like that, or whether it was because I was early introduced to an illustrated edition of "The Ancient Mariner" (I pronounced it, logically enough, the ancient "Marceener"). A few more years had rolled, and I came under the spell of "The Three Midshipmen" and "The Three Lieutenants," who, of course, served in sailing frigates or seventy-fours. When I first studied Greek history, in the pages of Thucydides, I was ever on the side of the seafaring Athenians, and used to dream of running a frigate into the bay of Syracuse to sink their foes with a British broadside. Thus I approach sympathetically various books in praise of sail. I must confess, however, that, when at length I set my foot on a real boat, circumstances arose which caused me to prefer dry land. Nevertheless, it has now come to pass that, impelled by a great wind from the publishing quarter—

Here I go bowling over the rolling,
Over the rolling sea.

How I should have revelled, in my "Three Midshipmen" days, in a volume of monumental dimensions, and filled with enchanting pictures, entitled "SAILING MODELS ANCIENT AND MODERN." By E. Keble Chatterton. With 161 Illustrations, including four Coloured Plates and seven Plans (Hurst and Blackett; limited edition of 1000 numbered copies; £3 3s. net each). I can revel in it even now, for, however inefficient I might be as a deck-hand, or a ship-boy "on the high and giddy mast," I retain my love of the picturesqueness in ships, when viewed from the shore. In the matter of illustration, I have never seen plates more excellent in quality and reproduction. The models here pictured seem to comprise every conceivable type of sailing-craft in history, from the ancient Egyptian boat-models of the XIth Dynasty, found at Thebes, to the Brixham trawler, and including, among numerous others, a Viking longship, an Athenian trireme, the *Santa Maria* of Columbus, Drake's *Golden Hind*, Hudson's *Half Moon*, and Captain Cook's *Endeavour*; sailing warships of various nations and periods; East Indian, Spanish galleons, and Chinese junks; yachts and fishing-boats; and many a clipper, including the *Cutty Sark*. Mr. Keble Chatterton writes with infectious enthusiasm, and his preliminary essay sends the reader to the magnificent plates filled with admiring zeal. As he points out, there has been of late years a wide growth of interest in nautical archaeology and in the art of model-making. His own well-known book, "Sailing Ships and Their Story," appeared twenty-five years ago, but the present volume is an entirely new work, embodying much information not then available. To the collector and the student of marine annals it will be a sheer delight.

One particular phase in the story of sail, which has a domestic appeal in this country, is told in another large and beautifully illustrated book, "VANISHING CRAFT."

British Coastal Types in the Last Days of Sail. By Frank G. G. Carr. With twenty Drawings by Frank Mason, R.I. (Country Life, Ltd.; 15s.). Mr. Mason, of course, is a well-known marine artist; whose work has frequently figured in our own pages, and both he and Mr. Carr are practical seamen. The drawings have acquired historical value, as the craft portrayed are rapidly disappearing, ousted by the marine motor. While there has been a spate of books about "ocean greyhounds of the golden age of sail," the little coastwise vessels, built in local yards without permanent records, have been comparatively neglected, and soon it may be too late to gather details of their build. "We know nothing to-day," writes Mr. Carr, "of the farcost and the ferkyne-steerer of the Middle Ages. Let us be sure that future ages shall know more of, say, the Portland lerrit or the Galway gloachoag." The present volume, therefore, has a definite object—to arouse interest in the small craft and induce yachtsmen and other nautical enthusiasts to collect information about them. Some of Mr. Mason's delightful drawings remind me of the little black colliers of the Cornish coast trade, which, in former days, I have watched battling their way round the breakwater at Bude, or passing through the lock to a haven of rest in the narrow canal. I hope that these brave little ships also will, before they perish, find a recording angel.

No writer has been more zealous, with pen and camera, in picturing life before the mast and in celebrating the virtues of sail than the author of "LAST OF THE WIND SHIPS." By Alan J. Villiers. With over 200 Photographs by the Author (Routledge; 15s.). Mr. Villiers, who was born in Melbourne in 1903, has followed the sea since his boyhood, mainly in sailing-ships, and has embodied his experiences in "Falmouth for Orders," "By Way of Cape Horn," and "The Voyage of the *Parma*" (an account of a record-breaking voyage in a four-masted barque in the grain race from Australia). The present work relates to two trips in the *Parma*, in 1932 and 1933 respectively. The photographs are extraordinarily good, the most vivid and dramatic showing men at work on the wave-swept deck or in the rigging. In one we see a sailor building a model ship. Each photograph is a picture in itself. There is

Where there are islands there is usually sailing, and so I need not apologise for switching off to a batch of books concerned with sundry pieces of land surrounded by water. One of the loneliest islands in the world has an indefatigable champion in the author of "TRISTAN DA CUNHA." An Empire Outpost and its Keepers, with Glimpses of its Past and Consideration of its Future. By Douglas M. Gane. Illustrated (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.). This is not a consecutive history of the island (named, by the way, after a famous Portuguese navigator), though much of that history is told incidentally. It is, indeed, a "rough island story," as far as the amenities of life are concerned, and all the more impressive is the steadfastness of the inhabitants, and their resistance to any idea of such migration as befell the folk of St. Kilda. Mr. Gane, who has already done so much for Tristan, here makes a fresh appeal on its behalf. He mentions the formation of a new Tristan Welfare Committee at Cape Town, which may draw closer its connection with South Africa, and in view of possible developments he offers his book as a timely "summary of past efforts." It is all the more valuable since official reports of naval visits to the island were discontinued.

To Our Readers and Photographers at Home and Abroad.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has always been famed for its treatment of the various branches of Science. Its archaeological articles and illustrations are known throughout the world, and its pages dealing with Natural History and Ethnology are of equal value. These and other subjects are dealt with in our pages in a more extensive way than in any other illustrated weekly journal. We take this opportunity, therefore, of urging our readers to forward to us photographs of interest in these branches of Science.

Few people visiting the less-known parts of the world fail to equip themselves with cameras, and we wish to inform explorers and others who travel that we are glad to consider photographs which show curious customs of various nationalities, civilised and uncivilised, their sports, habits, and costumes; in fact, anything of a little-known or unusual character.

We are very pleased to receive also photographs dealing with Natural History in all its branches, especially those which are of a novel description. Our pages deal thoroughly with unfamiliar habits of birds, animals, fishes, and insects.

To Archaeologists we make a special appeal to send us the results of recent discoveries.

In addition, we are glad to consider photographs or rough sketches illustrating important events throughout the world; but such contributions should be forwarded by the quickest possible route, immediately after the events.

We welcome contributions and pay well for all material accepted for publication.

When illustrations are submitted, each subject sent should be accompanied by a suitable description.

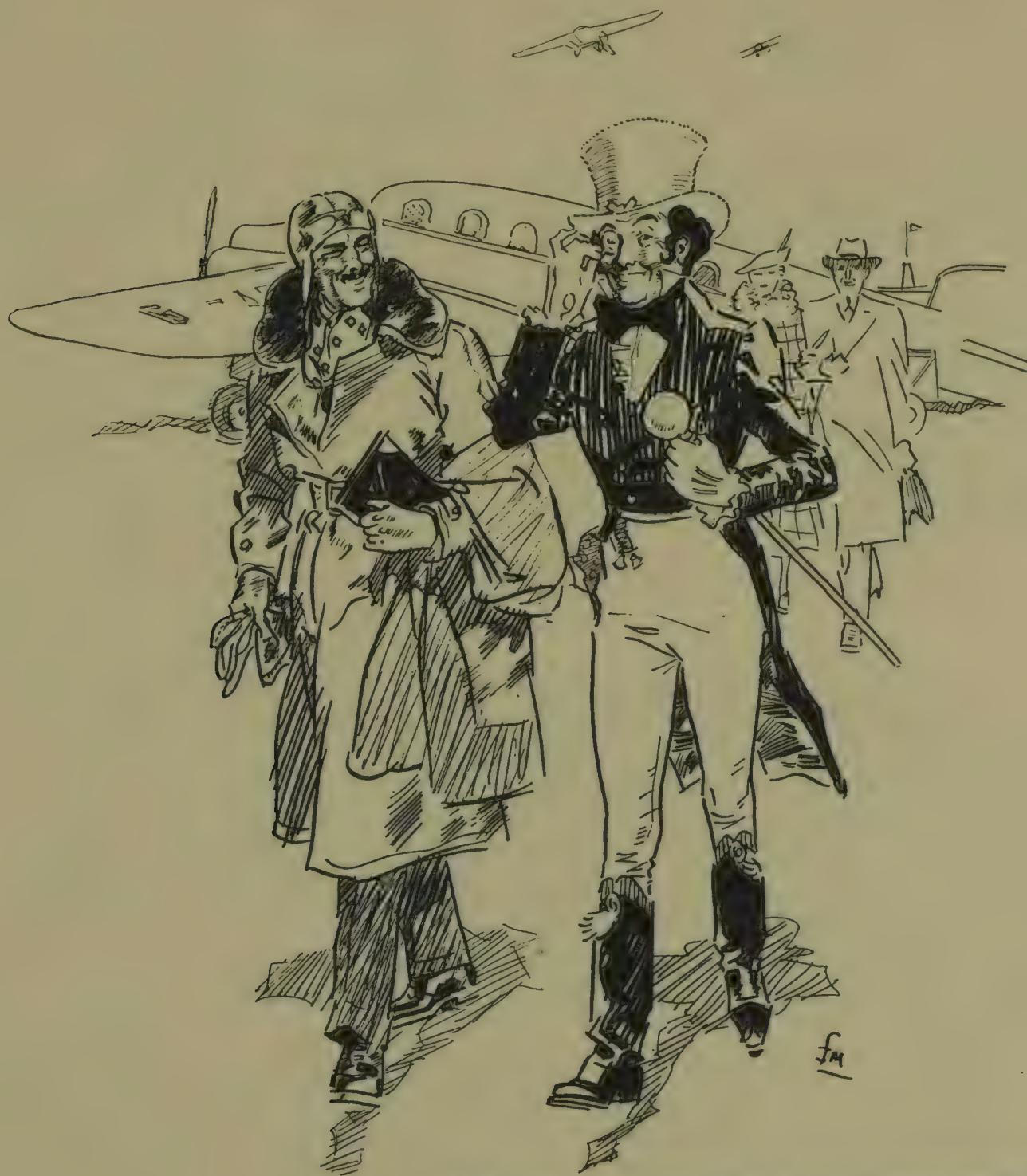
Contributions should be addressed to: The Editor, *The Illustrated London News*, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

something about the sea which teaches a man to write (*vide* Conrad and Masefield), and Mr. Villiers has the Ancient Mariner's faculty of compelling attention. He extorts sympathy even from the landlubber when he laments the passing of sail.

From the same hand comes another seafaring story of a different type—the author's first book for younger readers, namely, "WHALERS OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN." By A. J. Villiers. Illustrated with Woodcuts by Charles Pont (Bies; 6s.). This is a narrative of a pioneer whaling voyage in the Antarctic in the good ship *Pelagos*, told with much racy conversation and a youthful hero in the form of an eleven-year-old stowaway. The woodcuts are very attractive. With this book may be bracketed a readable historical record in more sedate style, "LOWERED BOATS." A Chronicle of American Whaling. By Foster Rhea Dulles. Illustrated (Harrap; 8s. 6d.). The illustrations are from old pictures and prints of the nineteenth century, mostly before 1850, and some recall the hardships and severe punishments which seamen suffered in those days. Both these books have acquired topical interest since the International Convention for the Regulation of Whaling came into force the other day—none too soon, I should imagine, if whales are not to become extinct.

Some of us are born islanders; some achieve islands (like Mr. Compton Mackenzie or Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, who recently bought two off Carnarvon for beauty-preservation); and some have islands thrust upon them, like Robinson Crusoe. Not one, but some five hundred, were thrust (by the B.B.C.) on the author of "ISLES OF THE ISLAND." By S. P. B. Mais. With thirty-two Illustrations (Putnam; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Mais confesses that he has always wanted to own an island, but, since his lightning tour of the British archipelago, he may find it difficult to choose. In the seven broadcast talks to which he was limited, he could not tell the half of what he had seen, and here he expands his adventures so beguilingly that, if possible, I should at once start on an island-hunting expedition. His Scottish allusions appeal to me especially since my little trip last summer to Bute and Arran. "There are still people," says Mr. Mais, "who confuse Arran in the Firth of Clyde with that far more remote Aran off the coast of Galway, filmed so beautifully in 'Man of Aran,' by Robert Flaherty, and dramatised so convincingly by J. M. Synge in 'Riders to the Sea.'"

One of the chief actors in that film, who made its production possible by liaison work between the islanders and the producer, tells his own life-story, including the filming episode, in a vivid and delightfully pictured book, "MAN OF ARAN." By Pat Mullen. With sixteen Illustrations and two Maps (Faber; 8s. 6d.). A compatriot, if not a companion, story, but covering a longer life, is told by a veteran of the Blaskets in "THE ISLANDMAN." By Tomás Ó Crohan. Translated from the Irish, with an introduction, by Robin Flower. Illustrated (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.). I regret that I have no room to say more about this very original autobiography. I must be content also merely to name another attractive book recalling the days of sail, namely, "A CRUISE IN AN OPIUM CLIPPER." By Captain Lindsay Anderson. 2nd Edition, with a new Preface by W. H. Johnston. Illustrated (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.). Here is recounted, by an officer of the schooner *Eamont*, an adventurous trading voyage to Formosa in 1859, with such romantic elements as secret orders, fights with pirates, captures of war junks, and escapes from ferocious "savages." C. E. B.



He said to me: *Must be a terrific strain on the fuselage . . .*

I said to him: *It's a greater strain to refuselage Johnnie Walker . . .!*

When winter would freeze you to the marrow,
Johnnie Walker thaws you back to warmth. The
sunny glow of this world-famous spirit is a
stimulant to mind as well as body. A glass of
Johnnie Walker at your journey's end sets you at
peace with the world. And you'll *enjoy* it.

Johnnie Walker

Born 1820 . . . still going Strong!



THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: MECHANICAL MATTERS OF INTEREST.



A CONVEYOR THAT MOVES 150 CUBIC METRES OF SOIL AN HOUR: AN ENDLESS BELT CARRYING MATERIAL FOR THE RAISING OF A DYKE IN HOLSTEIN (RIGHT).

Conveyor-belts of unusual size are being employed for the building of dykes in the reclamation work which is being undertaken on the west coast of German Holstein. The soil is thrown on to the conveyor by navvies, and carried by it to the required place, where it is dumped on both sides. As the embankment progresses, the conveyor is moved along until the work is completed. The conveyor has a capacity of 150 cubic metres an hour, and is over two hundred yards in length.



A NOVEL TYPE OF VEHICLE PUT INTO SERVICE BY "LONDON TRANSPORT": AN "S." CHASSIS SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR THE WORK OF LOPPING TREES WHOSE BRANCHES OVERHANG HIGHWAYS.



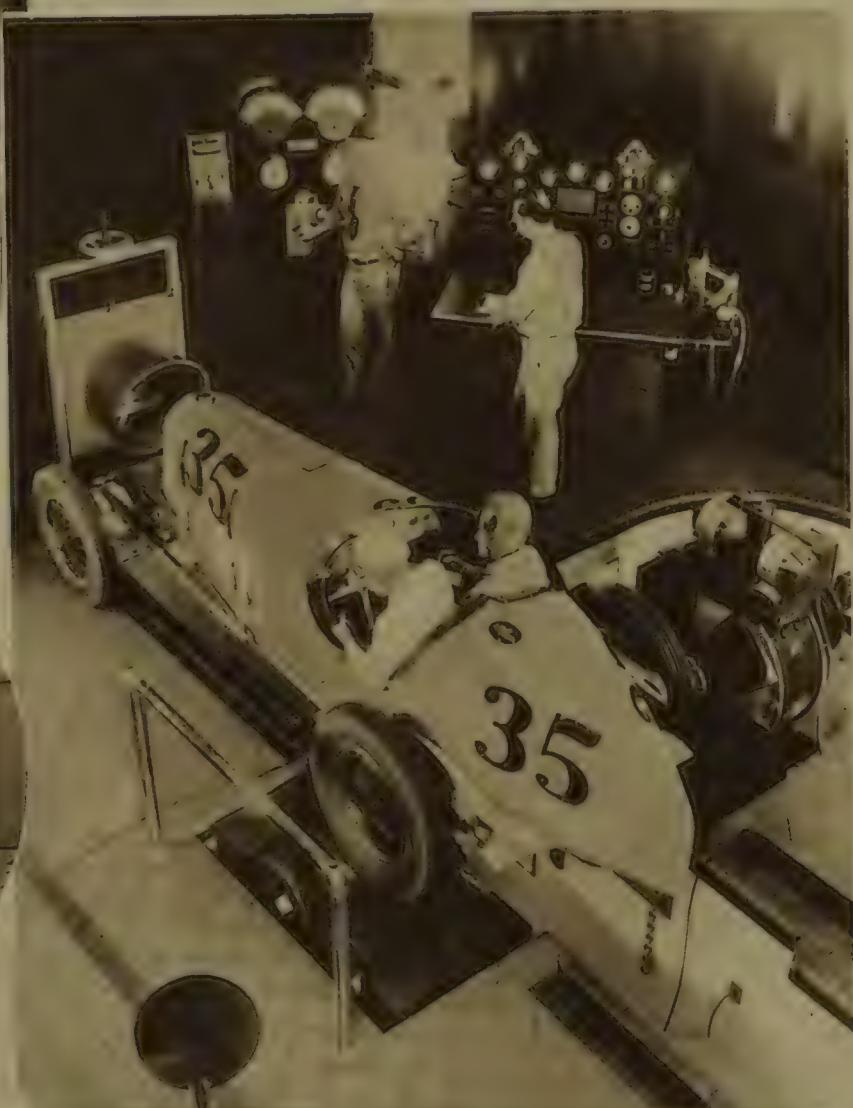
CONSTRUCTED FOR THE FIRST DIESEL MAIL-TRAIN SERVICE IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE:
HIGH-POWERED ARMSTRONG-WHITWORTH LOCOMOTIVES FOR CEYLON.

What is claimed to be the first Diesel mail-train service in the British Empire is being opened on the Ceylon Government Railways between Colombo and Talaimannar ferry. The two high-powered Diesel electric locomotives which will inaugurate the service were built at the Armstrong-Whitworth works, Newcastle-on-Tyne. In our illustration the locomotives are seen coupled together in the shops. A locomotive of the same type has been successfully employed by the L.N.E.R.



A NOVEL TYPE OF ICE-BREAKER: A CRAFT WITH A "RAKE" AT THE BOWS—EMPLOYED ON THE DANUBE.

Ice appeared in the Danube near Vienna recently, for the first time this year. Our illustration shows a remarkable type of ice-breaker employed by the Austrian authorities. It is armed with an appliance resembling a giant rake, which projects over the bows. This is suspended from a kind of davit and can be raised and lowered by means of tackle leading to a winch on the fo'c'sle.



A RACING MOTOR-CAR GOING AT 120 M.P.H. WHILE STATIONARY: A REMARKABLE "BENCH-TEST" ON THE SPECIAL APPLIANCE AT LOS ANGELES.

In our issue of December 22 we illustrated the "Cock o' the North," the L.N.E.R. locomotive, going 100 m.p.h. while stationary, during a "bench-test" in France. We here show a racing motor-car undergoing a somewhat similar test. Fred Frame, the noted American racing driver, and winner of the Indianapolis Grand Prix in 1932, is here seen testing his machine at the rate of 120 m.p.h., without moving an inch, at Los Angeles.

Every day you see them, more and more
upon the road !

This New

DE LUXE FORD

(Taxed £7.10.0)



Years and pounds in front of anything in even an approximate price-class, the latest, if not the last, word in light cars, saloons of low first-cost, running-cost and maintenance, yet of the highest performance. Power, nicety of gear-changing, elbow, head and leg-room for all occupants, ample under-cover luggage-accommodation, ease and convenience of control, with

steering, suspension and braking of an exemplary order. Its body-finish, inside and out, strikes a very pleasing note.

Try it on the road, exactingly. Go over it searching for any sign of "skimping" anywhere. Check its fuel and lubricant consumption. Then, and then only, consider the marvel of its price. Literature on request.

Saloon - £135 . Double-Entrance Saloon, as illustrated - £145
(Prices at Works)

"THERE IS NO COMPARISON!"





PYORRHOEA—not me!

PLEASANT subject, sweetheart—"Pyorrhœa's poison"

and what not. I suppose I'm the sensible one-in-five that hasn't got it. *Personally, I've used Forhan's for the Gums ever since I've had these teeth.*

Hateful, isn't it?—I mean losing good teeth and getting run down just because one's gums get soft. No, I'd rather lose two minutes of my precious youth a day with Forhan's than let it slide and feel half-alive when I'm forty. *At all Chemists.*

Forhan's
FOR THE **gums**

NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

BY EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

MALAGA—AND GRANADA.

L YING on the banks of a mountain river, partly among the wooded foot-hills of the nearby Sierras, and partly on a very fertile plain, with garden-like *haciendas* all about it, and stretching to the sea, Malaga has a beauty proverbial in Spain from the time of the Moors; it has, too, a climate in the winter-time which is beautiful—indeed, Spaniards will tell you that the Malaguenos are blessed with an eternal spring. It is safe to say that no place in Europe has a more delightful winter climate; one of extreme dryness of air and great clearness; a mild and equable temperature—the winter mean is



A FINE SPANISH WINTER RESORT: A GENERAL VIEW OF MALAGA, SHOWING ITS SPLENDID SITUATION; WITH DISTANT MOUNTAINS RISING ABOVE THE HARBOUR.

55 deg.—and a very slight rainfall; whilst lofty mountains shelter it from northerly winds. Allowing for the difference in the length of the days, life may be lived in the open air as freely in Malaga in the winter as in summer, and it is difficult to believe that one is less than two days distant from London! The luxuriance of the vegetation is another of Malaga's charms. It gives the town an aspect which is almost tropical, and which is accentuated in its pleasant suburbs—La Caleta, El Lomonar, and Higueral. To the west of the city lies what is known as the *Hoya de Málaga*, a wonderland of fruit gardens and vineyards, where the luscious grapes which produce the famous Malaga and muscatel wines grow in almost incredible profusion; likewise figs and melons.

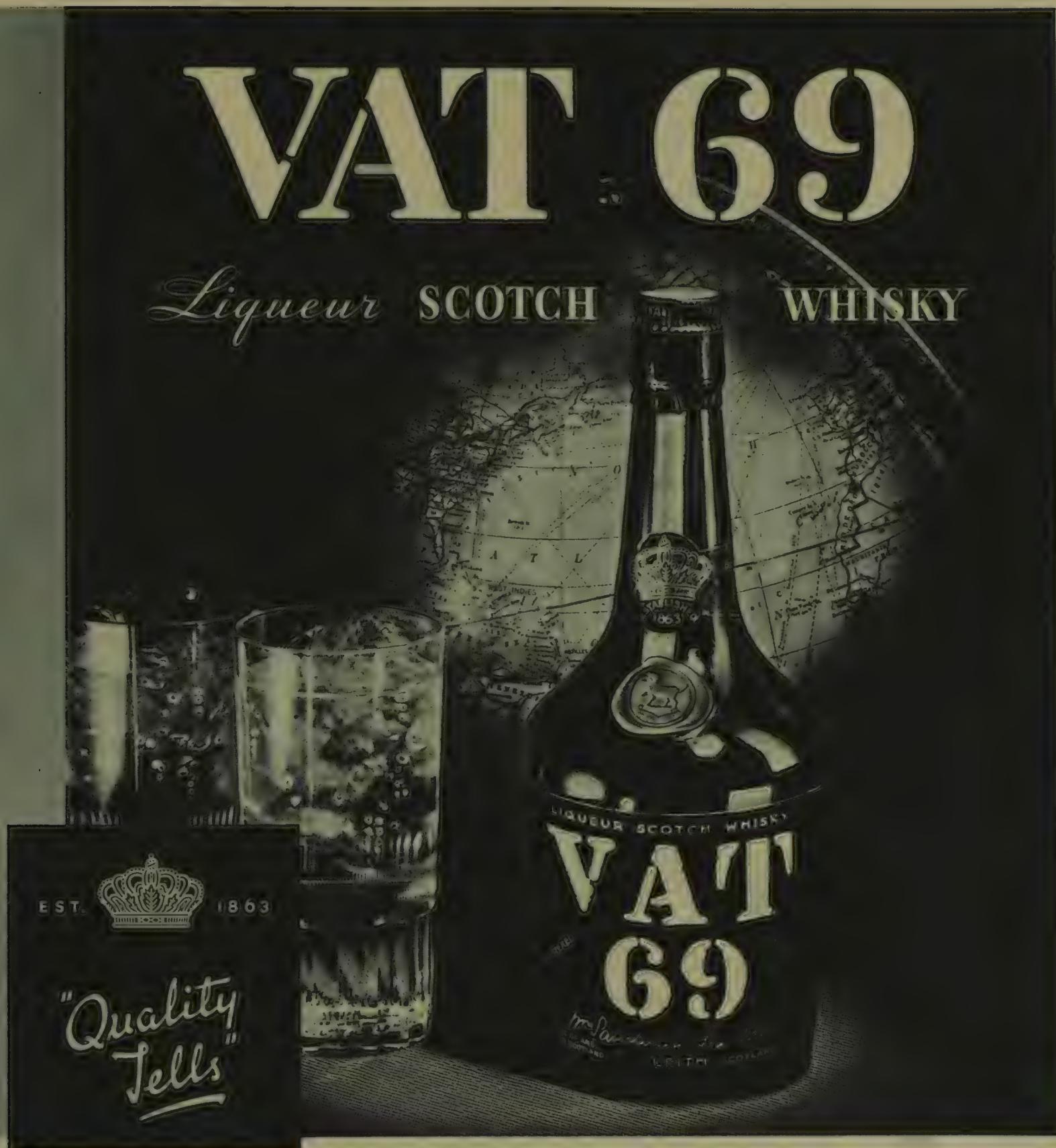
Malaga is a fine city, very bright and clean, with imposing squares and thoroughfares, a splendid harbour, and a Cathedral in the Renaissance style, which was commenced in 1538, but not completed until the eighteenth century. There they have beautiful choir-stalls, some good pictures, and a figure of the Virgin which was carried by Ferdinand and Isabella when they conquered the city in the year 1487. The Parish Church of Santiago, with its Mauresque tower, is an interesting structure; and the Church of the Sagrario has a splendid Gothic porch; but of the Malaga of earlier days—for it dates from Carthaginian times, was a *municipium* under the Romans, an episcopal see under the Visigoths, and one of the most important cities of Andalusia during the domination of the Moors—little remain but the few ruins of the *Alcazaba*, once a magnificent Moorish building, with twelve doors and 132 towers, and those of the fort, or castle, of Gibralfaro, link it definitely with the Moorish conquest. The modern



IN THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA: THE COURT OF THE LIONS, WITH ITS GRACEFUL ARCHITECTURE, WHICH WASHINGTON IRVING DESCRIBES AS GIVING THE MOST COMPLETE IDEA OF THE ORIGINAL BEAUTY AND MAGNIFICENCE OF THE GREAT MOORISH PALACE.

side of Malaga includes its many hotels, large and small, of which the Miramar is among the finest in Spain; its English church and club; and facilities for golf, tennis, bathing, and yachting, with a sports club. As for communications, it is connected by rail with all the principal towns in Spain, and there are two main routes to Paris, by express trains, *via* Madrid and *via* Barcelona.

An added attraction to Malaga is its proximity to Granada, the once magnificent capital of Moorish Spain. It is only seventy miles away, on the edge of the Sierra Nevada, and the journey thither is one remarkable for its fine scenery and magnificent mountain views. There, among the palaces and churches built by the Spanish conquerors, the magnificent Moorish palace of the Alhambra stands, one of the architectural glories of the world. No finer pen-picture of the beauty of the Alhambra has ever been painted than that of Washington Irving. Here is an extract from his description of the Court of the Lions, one of the most celebrated of the Alhambra treasures: "There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence than this, for none has suffered less from the ravages of time. In the centre stands a fountain, famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops; and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree-work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture . . . is characterised by elegance rather than grandeur; bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste."



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It is the distinguished shape of the bottle that tells you at a glance . . . VAT 69. And it is the distinguished flavour of VAT 69 that tells you . . . genuine liqueur Scotch Whisky.

Wherever good Scotch Whisky is sold VAT 69 is known—mainly for its liqueur quality, but also because of its ordinary price.

Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars everywhere stock VAT 69 and are proud to sell it

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

BRITISH cars were exported during the year 1934 in larger numbers than the preceding twelve months, as 43,937 new cars were sold abroad as



UP-TO-DATE MODES OF TRAVEL: AN AUTOGYRO PILOT GREETS HIS FRIENDS IN THEIR STANDARD "SIXTEEN."

compared with 40,956 in 1933. Also commercial motors found better favour in the overseas markets, as 13,742 lorries, motor-buses, and commercial vehicles were exported as compared with 10,683 during the previous year. And this good work continues, as among the various reports of orders received by British motor-car makers comes the news that the Armstrong-Siddeley Company have delivered recently a 12-h.p. cabriolet to H.H. Prince Kaya of Japan, a 20-h.p. tourer to H.M. the Emir of Kano, a "twenty" tourer and limousine to H.H. the Chief Sahib of Jamkhandi, and a 15-h.p. car to H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Denmark. We in England are rather partial to the new 17-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley model, as its comfort at speed is an outstanding virtue. But these few examples do show that the motor industry

in Great Britain is steadily forging ahead. We even managed to get "placed" in the Monte Carlo Rally.

Messrs. C. Lahave and R. Quatresous, sharing the driving of a Renault car, won the first prize International Sporting Club Cup and £700, starting from Stavanger; and Mr. J. C. Ridley the second prize, a Silver Plaque and £280, on a Triumph "Gloria," starting from Umea. Ridley also won the light car class first prize, the Riviera Cup and £168. So France and England shared the major honours. I was glad a Renault won the first prize this year, as, although this is the fourth year in succession that

France has achieved the distinction of gaining the first prize, it is some time ago since that grand old marque Renault secured the first place in this strenuous cross-country race. Of course, it is not supposed to be a race, but in actual fact it is. One has to drive as fast as the roads will let one all the time, and the final eliminating tests are really speed

tests, although camouflaged as "acceleration" and brake tests.

British motor-manufacturers have constantly sought to obtain more room without adding weight to their cars and vans. Some degree of success has recently been achieved in this direction under our rather complicated motor legislation. Thus the licensing regulations lay down that, for an annual tax of £10, the unladen weight of a van shall not exceed 12 cwt. This restriction has necessitated considerable ingenuity on the part of manufacturers. Yet the latest

type of Morris 5-cwt. van is larger in every respect than its predecessor. Its wheelbase is one foot longer, its track three inches wider, and its body capacity of 58 cubic feet is 14 per cent. greater. Still, it comes within the £10-tax class. This has been achieved by a new method of design in which the van was conceived as a complete unit, instead of designing chassis and body as individual units. Also, the other virtue of this design is that it results in greater strength to the vehicle, and so gives longer service in hard work. I mention this because a great number of the new 1935 U.S.A. cars are following this principle of steel-pressed bodies forming part and parcel of the chassis, and our own cars are likely to follow suit.

As we are threatened with a further spell of bad fogs, with colder weather, the Automobile Association have issued the following hints to make driving less

[Continued overleaf.]



CARAVANNING IN THE SAHARA!—A HUMBER "SNIPE" WITH AN ECCLES CARAVAN AT LAGHOUAT.

A lengthy tour of the Sahara has recently been made by a party who, not content with a car alone, trailed their own "hotel" behind them, and camped in comfort. Their vehicles were a Humber "Snipe" saloon and an Eccles caravan, and no fewer than six persons were aboard. The route of nearly 5000 miles, over the most forbidding country, was completed entirely according to plan.

BIGGER CAR MOTORING

no longer
an extravagance

IN 1925 you would have seen no change out of a four-figure cheque for a car of this size and stamp. Even three years ago it would have been considered remarkable value at £500. How is it, you may well ask, that Vauxhall can offer this luxurious Big Six 20 h.p. saloon for as little as £325 to-day?

There are two reasons—improved manufacturing methods and expanding markets. When Vauxhall enlarged and reorganised their factory, they reorganised motor-car values. The new Vauxhall flow production system of manufacture is really craftsmanship on a larger, grander scale. It safeguards the fine finish that has always distinguished Vauxhall products, yet makes this Big Six comparable, on a value-for-money basis, with the popular light car of to-day.



Expanding markets make for further economies. Few other British cars have won such popularity abroad, certainly no other in the big car class, as has Vauxhall during recent years. While at home, the reduction in horse-power tax (this Big Six pays only £15 tax), has made more and more motorists bigger car minded.

So it is that, to-day, you can go to your local Vauxhall dealer and drive away in this roomy, tastefully appointed saloon, a car in the true Vauxhall tradition, for as little as £325.

VAUXHALL BIG SIX

Vauxhall Big Six, 20 h.p. or 27 h.p. Saloon £325. Wingham Convertible Cabriolet £395. Tickford Foursome Drophead Coupé £365. Grosvenor 7-str. Limousine on 27 h.p. Long Chassis £550.

REAL BIG CAR MONEYSWORTH

A luxurious 5-seater saloon in the true Vauxhall tradition.

20 h.p. or 27 h.p. engine available to choice.

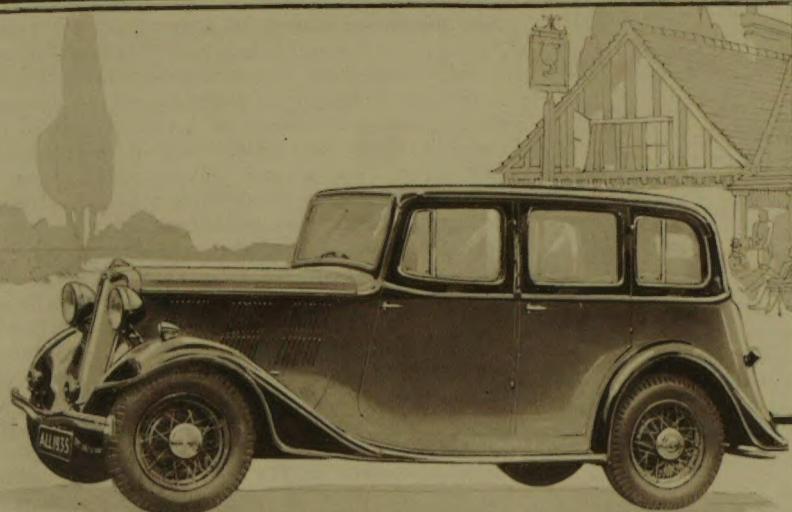
Right in the forefront of modern design with . . . entirely automatic chassis lubrication . . . pedomatic starting . . . synchromesh easy gear-change . . . No Draught Ventilation . . . and self-returning direction indicators.

Five-seater Saloon,
illustrated above,

£325

Catalogues on request from Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, The Hyde, London, N.W.9.

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"SO SMOOTH . . . ONLY AN EXPERT COULD DETECT IT IS NOT A 'SIX'" SAYS THE "SPORTING LIFE"

INDEPENDENTLY SPRUNG FRONT WHEELS

FLUIDRIVE TRANSMISSION

(The fluid flywheel in its most up-to-date form).

• Powerful hydraulic brakes

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Silent twin screen wipers

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Concealed spare wheel and adequate luggage accommodation

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X-braced, low centre of gravity chassis

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Interior appointments and fittings similar to any £400 car

•

Other models from £162-10

Some of their other comments after a comprehensive test of the Singer "Eleven" were:

"Acceleration is exceptionally good. The car cruises indefinitely without fuss at 50 miles an hour, whilst the flat out speed is over 65 m.p.h. with a very useful 'third' that gives 40 m.p.h. **Driving is so simplified** it becomes simply a question of steering . . . the Singer 'Eleven' does the rest for you automatically. When driving in traffic the Fluidrive enables you to get away just as smoothly in top gear. The independent front wheel springing is an **unqualified success** . . . it appears to be ideal on any surface. **Wonderful average speeds** can be maintained without hard driving. Given fair traffic conditions **45 miles in the hour** is well within its compass. On hills the Singer is a **sterling performer**. In short the Singer 'Eleven' is an outstanding proposition."

These statements are backed up by most of the leading motor writers of the country.

You would not believe what comfort, luxury, and exceptional performance you can buy in the Singer 'Eleven' 4/5 seater Saloon for **£245**

Test this car at your dealers you will not look any further for the ideal car.

"ELEVEN"

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PRECISION BUILT MOTOR CARS

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Straw Hats, from 2 Gns. to 3½ Gns.

Wood Box and Postage for Abroad 5s.; sketches and colours supplied on request.

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"What's this you've brought the patient — Brand's Essence? . . . Oh yes, by all means . . . a splendid stimulant in cases of weakness"



When you want to give something that will be both relished by the patient and approved by the doctor . . . something to kindle new strength, and to prompt the return of that interest so necessary for recovery . . . you will think first of Brand's Essence.



In sickness give
BRAND'S
BEEF OR CHICKEN
ESSENCE

*Brand's
revives strength*

From chemists everywhere

Continued.

Continued.

trying in foggy weather at night: Direct a fairly intense, concentrated beam to the near-side of the road, either from a fog-lamp on the near-side or a spot-light attached to the near-side pillar of the windscreen. Thus the driver is able to look either over or under the beam. If special fog-lamps are not available, extinguish the offside head-lamp and direct the other head-lamp beam on the near-side of the road. This method necessitates driving close to the near-side kerb. Again, tissue-paper of one or more thicknesses attached to the outside of the head-lamp glasses, or whitening mixed with water, will be found helpful. If the driver has a preference for any colour which suits his sight, tinted tissue-paper, or dry colour mixed with the whitening, will produce the desired effect. Either paper or colour is easily removed, and does not involve exposing the lamp reflector, which is undesirable. The A.A. points out that, as water is a constituent of fog, powerful illumination merely intensifies the reflection. It has been proved that the use of yellow or any other coloured light has no penetration advantages, but merely reduces the intensity of the light and the back glare. Quite so, A.A.; but present-day tiny side-lamps are not sufficiently powerful enough to drive by in fog, so most of us colour our head-lights to give the desired intensity of beam, yet reduce it from its ordinary strength, as the back glare un-reduced is too great.

Some day the inventive mind of man will produce a hot air blast from the radiator which will dry up the fog in the immediate front of a car, and so give a longer view of the road before him to the driver. What is wanted is a super-charger forcing "red hot" air in front of the car to dissipate the mist of water hiding the road from view. Until we get this, drivers will have to do their best with fog-lights, etc. I am glad to see that the vee-type divided front screen is coming back into fashion on streamlined coachwork. Nothing is more annoying with the great majority of the 1934 and 1935 cars than that the driver can only partially open the screen to see under it when driving in fog, in place of being able to get a better and wider view. Also these one-piece screens allow the front-seat passenger to be frozen by the cold air, when there should be no reason why this passenger could not be protected. I write very feelingly on the subject,

as, for every new car that I buy, I have to discard the original one-piece screen and pay for a two-piece one, so that I know that I shall be able to drive *in safety* in fog. Also the other passengers are better protected from the cold when my half-screen is thrown wide open.

Some of us who have marvelled at the speed that the experimental shop of the Austin Works at Longbridge, near Birmingham, has raised out of the supercharged Austin "Seven," will not be so surprised as the New Zealanders were recently when a single-seater Austin "Baby" racer outclassed all its rivals of various nominal horse-power to win the Championship race *from "scratch."* This was one of the events following the opening by the Governor-General of the new Gloucester Park Speedway at Auckland, New Zealand. The Austin "Seven," ever since the Great War, has been one of Britain's best travellers in every sense of the word. Its fine performances on the road and the track have gained many orders for the British automobile industry. No "commercial" on the road seeking business for his firm has done better work in obtaining orders than this little car for the Austin factory. It has steadily improved the position of English cars in the world's markets. Consequently, it pays the Austin Company to send their cars to all the European motor shows. They will be on view at Amsterdam, Berlin, Geneva, and Barcelona between now and the end of April. At the Amsterdam Automobile Exhibition opening on February 1, the Austin stand displays three "Sevens," two "Ten-Fours," two light "Twelve-Sixes," and an Austin "Eighteen," as well as a polished "Show" chassis and an Austin "Thetic" marine engine.

Possibly some of our readers who have been thinking of visiting Italy may feel some uncertainty about the question of obtaining sufficient money for their needs during their stay there. We are informed by the Agency of the Italian Railways in England that travellers' cheques and private cheques are accepted throughout Italy to-day in precisely the same manner as they were before the recent currency decree came into operation. Tourists are put to no inconvenience at all ; in fact, it has been stated officially by the Italian Finance Minister that the new financial provision does not interfere with legitimate business, and that tourists are quite unaffected thereby.

"MURDER IN MOTLEY," AT THE KINGSWAY.

THIS murder-mystery play runs on familiar lines, but it is ingeniously constructed, and provides very good entertainment. The audience is hoaxed even before the rise of the curtain, for Mr. Matthew Forsyth, as a worried manager, appears before the "tabs" and announces that, owing to indisposition, Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor will not appear. The actors, by the way, are throughout addressed by their real names. When the curtain rises on what seems the first act of a rather dull drawing-room comedy, the first-night audience settled down to an evening of boredom, until Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, addressing one of the characters hidden in the depths of an armchair, suddenly faltered. One had an unhappy feeling that he had forgotten his lines, until he edged to the wings, and in an agitated whisper, ordered the curtain to be rung down. After this, Mr. Matthew Forsyth again appeared and inquired if a doctor was in the house. The subsequent invasion of the auditorium by a posse of policemen, with orders to guard the exits so that no member of the audience should leave the theatre, though a familiar trick, was effective enough. It would be unfair to detail the plot; it is sufficient to say that its intricacies keep one amusedly interested. The play is competently acted, the best performances being given by Mr. Matthew Forsyth as the worried manager, and Mr. Douglas Jefferies as a detective-inspector.

It would be difficult to find a work more comprehensive and informative, within the limits of its subject, than "Eastern Africa To-day and To-morrow" (published by *East Africa* (newspaper); 8s. 6d.). The opening chapter, entitled "The Underlying Issues," is by Mr. L. S. Amery; and other chapters describe Trade Openings in Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika; Mining and Minerals in the same area; and "Aviation in East Africa." There is a particularly interesting chapter on anti-tsetse research; while other subjects treated are Broadcasting; The Place of the Film; East African Architecture; Coffee, Tobacco, Sisal, Essential Oil, and Sugar; and neighbouring territories, namely, Sudan, Somaliland, Zanzibar, and Portuguese East Africa, are all fully dealt with. "Eastern Africa" is, further, illustrated with sixty-four photographs.

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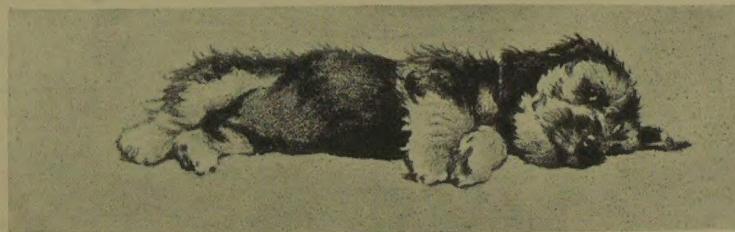


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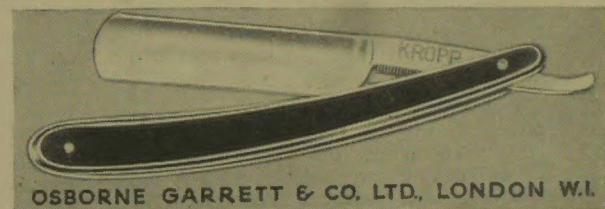
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HE surrounded himself only with those things which could gratify eye or intellect. The originality and grace of his entourage attracted the attention of Nero, and Petronius entered the privileged group that surrounded the Emperor.

In a short time he became his intimate friend. Nero gradually accepted all Petronius' suggestions, and Tacitus says that soon the Emperor enjoyed nothing that did not derive directly from Petronius.

A banquet prepared under the supervision of Petronius was a spectacle of beauty undreamed of and fantastic. Art was wedded to good taste, bold originality to unlimited resource. The selection of vessels, the combination of colours, the complicated machinery installed invisibly in the ivory ceilings so that it seemed the heavens rained rose-petals that changed colour as they fell to the table, wine spouting from amphoræ held by the gilded Danaids that stirred suddenly to unexpected life, the music, the women, their garments. . . . All reflected the personality of *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. What wonder he became the indispensable companion of Nero . . .

* * *

A duel started between Petronius and Tigellinus, the Prefect of the Praetorian Guard. If they had both been of the same nature, Rome would have seen a brilliant competition of wit and talent: but Tigellinus was an enemy who stabbed in the dark: Petronius preferred to fight in the open.

Tigellinus believed in well-studied, well-prepared undermining. Far from being strong enough to meet his adversary with the same weapons, he set out to ruin Petronius by any means. And the most infallible—poison in the ear of Nero.

When diplomacy is degraded to the service of hypocrisy, it is difficult to detect what is really intended as a preparation for an unseen blow to follow.

Petronius was on the *qui vive*. He well knew his danger . . .

* * *

At a given moment slaves bore into the middle of the room—a huge bath.

It was filled with hot water, scented with oils of Sicilian Bergamot, festooned with ropes of roses. . . . Petronius rose with

a smile. He waved a hand all round, saluted his friends, bade them go on with the feast, sing, laugh, drink without ceasing.

'Let me die with this scene in my eyes, these sounds in my ears,' he said.

As though he were leading a bride to the marriage bed, he led his beloved to the bath.

The expression of his face changed not one whit. Neither did hers. She felt in that deathly love, that lovely death, the thrill of a thousand nights. . . . Her ecstasy was unbearable to behold. Together they swayed, locked in each other's arms, the length of the bath. . . . They kissed the kiss of life on the threshold of death. There was a flash of white—and a bandage slipped from a wrist to the floor. . . . The music played on. . . .

* * *

When the messenger handed the parcel to Nero, the Emperor thought it was Petronius' will. It was usual to leave legacies to the Emperor, especially after an order of execution, in the hope of saving either the lives of or property for the relicts of the family.

But from Petronius?

No adulation, no legacies, no compliments.

The parcel contained a book, written in complete secrecy. The book described in a cloak of picturesque, graceful, euphuistic language the inner story of those shameful, shameless, famous, infamous orgies of which Nero was the leader. The names were changed but the characters were clear. Details of

which he was supposed to be ignorant were recorded—an immortal catalogue of a less than mortal Emperor . . .



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